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The Washingtons' English Home

Rose Georgina Kingsley

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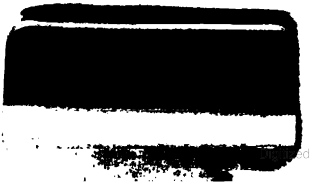

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Oct. 12, 1920.

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THE ANCESTRAL HOME OF GEORGE WASHINGTON, LITTLE BRINGTON, ENG.

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The Washingtons' English Home

By ROSE G. KINGSLEY

AND OTHER STORIES OF BIOGRAPHY

THE WASHINGTONS' ENGLISH HOME,
ROSE G. KINGSLEY.
CHARLES KINGSLEY AND HIS DOGS,
ROSE G. KINGSLEY.
QUEEN ELIZABETH'S SCHOOLMASTER,
EDWIN D. MEAD.
THE QUEEN'S LITTLE SKYE,
MRS. ANNIE SAWYER DOWNES.
THE RUSKIN MAY-DAY AT WHITE-LANDS COLLEGE, SARAH K. BOLTON.
LAST TALE OF CHARLES PERRAULT,
KATHERINE M. HAVEN.

Illustrations from Original Drawings by Garrett, Robert Lewis and H. Pruett Share

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THE WASHINGTONS' ENGLISH HOME.

AWAY in the centre of Northamptonshire, among great solemn woods and heavy clay pastures, lies a stately park round a noble house. On the hill above sits an ancient brown sandstone church, brooding like an old hen over her chickens — the yellow-brown sandstone cottages of the village. And a mile beyond the church, in a smaller village, a low sandstone house stands by the roadside, with thatched roof, and high gable-ends, and stone mullioned windows, and an inscription carved over the door.

> The Lord giveth, the Lord taketh away.
> Blessed be the name of the Lord.
> Constructa. 1606.

The Park is Althorp Park, Lord Spencer's splen-

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did home. The church is Brington Church; and it contains monuments which should stir every American heart. For in the sandstone house at Little Brington lived the ancestor of George Washington; and he lies buried in Brington Church with his wife and several of his children and kinsfolk.

Yes! In that low sandstone house — now a cottage — Mr. Lawrence Washington, son and heir of Robert Washington of Sulgrave in Northamptonshire, lived and died. And it was his second son, John, who emigrated in 1657 to Virginia, there to found the family of the illustrious first President of the United States.

The Washingtons who were originally a Lancashire family, had been settled in Northamptonshire for several generations; first in the town of Northampton; then at Sulgrave; and when their fortunes declined — in consequence, some say, of the ill luck which always came to those who held church property, and the manor of Sulgrave had belonged to St. Andrew's Monastery at Northampton — and they were obliged to leave Sulgrave, Lawrence Washington settled at Little

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Brington, near his friend and kinsman Sir Robert Spencer. Some suppose that Lawrence Washington built the house at Little Brington, and

GREAT BRINGTON CHURCH.— BURIAL PLACE OF THE WASHINGTONS.

placed the inscription over the door in token of his many sorrows and trials — the loss of fortune

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and home, for he was forced to sell Sulgrave in 1610, and the deaths of his wife and several children. Be that as it may, he lived at Little Brington for some years before his death in 1616. He was honorably buried in the church at Great Brington. And his sons William, John, and Lawrence, were constant guests at Althorp Park, hard by. In the curious steward's books which were found some few years ago in an iron-bound chest at Althorp, and give every item of expenditure in the household from 1623 to 1645, the names of the Washingtons occur continually, among the quaintest entries which give one a very clear idea of the way a great house was managed in those days. Here are a few examples from the yellow old housekeeping pages:

1623.

June 21.	Lump sugar into the nursery, 3 li.	00–02–09
	Sir John Washington and Sir William Washington, staying in the house, lobsters given to Mr. Curtis. 4.	00–06–00
Dec. 6.	To Legg for the carriage of a doe to my Lord Archbishop.	00–05–00

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	Collar of Brawne sent to Mr. Washington.	
1624.		
July 3.	Sent to my Ladie Washington, Puetts 6. (Peewits). Quailes 3. Hearne 1. Sturgeon. 1 rand.	
Oct. 30.	For ½2 li. of currants for a great cake.	00-04-00
	For butter for a cake, 6 li.	00-02-03

This was the christening cake for "Mistress Katherine Spencer," who was baptized Nov. 14. Sir John Washington and Mr. Curtis being among the guests.

These are only a few out of many mentions of the brothers whose horses are noted constantly as being provided with "oates" and so forth. The friendship between the two families of Washingtons and Spencers was maintained until the outbreak of the Civil War. Young Mordaunt, Sir John Washington's eldest son, frequently came with his father to the house that seems to have been ever open to them, and where Mistress Lucy Washington, Sir John's younger sister was housekeeper, a post which in those days was often filled by gentlewomen of good family. It was only in 1641 that these friendly visits ceased — brought to

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an end some suppose by political differences, which at that time were only too apt to sever all ties of friendship and even of family. Sir John is lost sight of during the Civil War, though there is no doubt that he espoused the King's side against Oliver Cromwell; and, according to Washington Irving and other authorities, he and his brother Lawrence were mixed up in the royalist conspiracy of 1656, and found it more safe and convenient to seek a home in the New World the next year, with very many others of their defeated party.

For some years before his emigration, Sir John Washington, a widower, with three sons Mordaunt, John, and Philip, had lived at his manor of South Cave, near Hull in Yorkshire. And this explains why we are usually told that the great Washington's ancestors came from the north of England. So they did — just at last. But their true home for more than a hundred years had been the noble county of Northampton. Lawrence Washington was born and died in the county, his children were born there too, and Sir John the emigrant

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married a Northamptonshire lady, Dame Mary Curtis, of Islip, and her tomb is in Islip Church to this day. So that the midlands may justly claim the honor of having sent forth a son of their soil, to help in the making of the great American people.

A few years ago circumstances took me to Brington Rectory; and day after day I wandered across to the grand old church and sat for several hours at a time, sketching the beautiful tombs of the many noble Spencers who since 1599 have been buried there.

(Before that date they were buried at Wormleighton, their great house in Warwickshire.)

There lies Sir Robert, whose friendship induced Lawrence Washington to settle at Brington, and there, too, lies William his son, Baron Spencer of Wormleighton, John Washington's friend.

There too is the heart of his son and successor the gallant Henry Spencer, who was made Earl of Sunderland by King Charles on the blood-stained battlefield of Edgehill, within sight

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of his house of Wormleighton, and who fell at Newbury by Falkland's side. And there is his uncle, Edward Spencer, the Puritan — Cromwell's friend; whose influence with the Protector saved Brington Church and those splendid tombs from destruction at the hands of the Roundhead soldiers. How often have I blessed Edward Spencer's memory when I looked at those exquisite monuments all fresh and whole, with their grand recumbent figures, and their carved and painted and gilded canopies — and thought of the broken fingers, the mutilated noses, the disfigured armour and inscriptions in too many of our English churches.

But unique and magnificent though the monuments be in the Spencer Chapel, what riveted my attention was a great slab of stone in the pavement of the aisle. It is cracked right across the middle: but is otherwise uninjured. It bears a coat of arms, on one half of which are two stripes with three stars above them; on the other half three chalices; and beneath runs an inscription setting forth that

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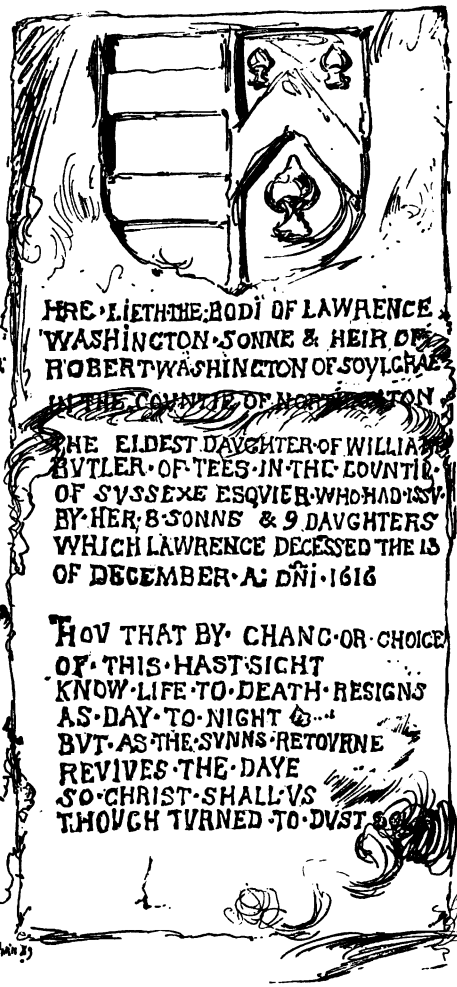

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This was the father of the emigrant Sir John, and those three stars, those two stripes, that were carried over the ocean to the new home in Virginia, must have had some connection I think, with a certain flag that floats very proudly — as it has reason to do — on thousands of ships that sail that very ocean — on thousands of flagstaffs throughout the length and breadth of the American continent. There are several other Washington tombs at Brington all with their stars and stripes in some form or other. But I think you will agree with me that Lawrence, the last English ancestor of the maker of a mighty nation, is by far the most interesting member of the family to us nowadays. I wonder what he would have thought as he sat in the "house-place" of his newly built home at Little Brington, had any one prophesied to him that his son John's descendant was destined to rule the greatest republic of the modern world. The old Washington house — till recently a farmhouse, and now a well-to-do labourer's cottage — with flowers peeping out of the stone-mullioned windows, and sparrows building and chattering in

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the thatched eaves, and children filling their pitchers at the village pump under the great yew tree across the road, looks curiously settled and unadventurous, and unaware of the great destinies of its children.

And now that we have waded through this dull bit of history, let us see what sort of a land the Washingtons lived in.

Northamptonshire is a country of big parks, big woods, big fields, big fences, big trees. The great, long-fleeced sheep, that fatten by hundreds in the rank grass pastures, look like mammoths after the neat, black-faced "south-downs" of Hampshire and Sussex. The huge white-faced Hereford cattle stare over the hedges like "Bulls of Bashan," or walk in a long line after us across a field, while our fox-terrier who they are following, takes refuge under our feet much to our discomfort. There are few rivers: but wide brooks run through the bottom-lands, cutting deep channels through the heavy clay. The land swells up every mile or so into bleak, rolling ridges like vast green waves that foam here and there into a crest of woodland;

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IN SIR JOHN WASHINGTON'S DAY.

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and it sinks again into damp valleys, where wreaths of white mist hang even on summer days. So that one is for ever going up or down-hill, though there is not a hill to be called a hill in the whole county. Sandstone villages, with some of the finest churches in England are built along the crest of the ridges in one long straggling street: and the high pitch of the thatched roofs with their tall chimneys at each end, and the soft olive-green and yellow brown of the stone they are built of, give them a most picturesque appearance. But though the woods are carpeted in spring with primroses—and the pastures are alive with sweet yellow cowslips, and scores of nightingales sing in the spinneys, yet the country is sad to my mind. It is all grave and solemn. It never laughs and smiles in the sunshine, like the southern and western counties—like some parts even of our beautiful Warwickshire. The people too have less of the kindliness and courtesy of manner that one finds in the South: but often carry their "love of independence" to the verge of rudeness. Yet, after all, it is a fine and stately land; and oh! what a hunting county.

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What gallops with the famous Pytchley Pack across those wide grass fields — what splendid riding over those deep brooks, and great "Bulfinches" — as the hawthorn hedges are called — a wall of thorns six feet through and fifteen feet high — that only the finest, heaviest horses can face. Then what splendid homes there are — great parks whose owners have been settled there for hundreds of years, each with its separate bit of history that has helped in the making of England. And chief among them all is Althorp. Come with me and let me tell you of my first walk from Brington to Althorp Park, where John Washington was so often a welcome guest; and let me show you the very same trees that he may have climbed birds'-nesting with young William Spencer, his contemporary and playfellow; and let us walk through the same glades where Philip Curtis, another of the Althorp guests, may have wandered with fair Mistress Amy Washington, John's sister, whom he married in 1620, a year or two after the marriage of his sister Mary to John Washington.

Outside the rectory garden gates the sun was

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casting long shadows across the "Gravel Walk," a noble avenue of elms, sadly shattered by the October hurricane of the year before: but still grand enough to satisfy any one who had not known their former glory. Far away to the left across the Valley, Holmby* House of famous memory, gleamed golden-white on a ridge on intense purple. Everything was bathed in tender brilliant sunshine, and the air was fresh, clear, and invigorating, as we neared the high park wall of olive-green sandstone. A little postern gate let us into the park, and turning to the left along the avenue of gigantic elms which runs the whole way round it inside the wall, we soon reached the heronry, cut off from the park by tall iron deerfencing.

The scene was strangely familiar to me.—Surely I must have seen it all before.—But no! that was impossible as I had never set foot in Northamptonshire in my life until now. I stood staring and puzzled. Then it all rushed across me. The giant stems of the oaks and Spanish chestnut,

* Now spelt Holdenby. It was here that King Charles the First was kept in a kind of honourable confinement in 1647, by the Parliamentary Commissioners.

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glistening pale against a dark background of fir and spruce, were for all the world like the end of a clearing in Canada, or Western New York. I had seen the same thing hundreds of times: but here there were no huge stumps left in the clearing — no lumberer's log hut — but smooth green turf and trim gravel walks, and long settled peace and plenty all about.

But now the silence was broken by strange sounds overhead — clanking and rattling as of chains smitten together, with wild hoarse cries. The trees above us were bare and broken. Some blight seemed to have fallen on them, and stripped the bark, and torn the small branches. I looked again, and in the blasted trees I saw huge birds moving to and fro, and piling broken twigs into rough untidy heaps. We were in the midst of the heronry; and the herons were building their nests; while the noise of clanking chains was made by their long bills clappering together with a strange metallic sound, as they flapped backwards and forwards quarrelling over the possession of some favorite fork in the trees that they are gradually

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IN SIR JOHN WASHINGTON'S DAY. — CAVALIERS AND ROUNDHEADS.

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destroying. John Washington must have often seen the ancestors of those great gray birds; for in the Althorp Steward's Books that I have already quoted mention is constantly made of the "hearnes."

One day "Creaton" gets three shillings for climbing nine herons' nests. A day after "fourteen hearnes" are sent to Wormleighton; young ones I suppose that Creaton took out of the nests. In one week some years later, twenty-five herons' nests are climbed. "Hearnes" are sent as presents to Lady Washington and the neighbors, and so forth. But I shall have more to tell you about the herons before I let you go, so let us leave them screaming and quarrelling and push on into the park.

At length another avenue, with one fallen giant elm lying across it — measuring eighty feet from where it split off some thirty feet from the ground — led us down towards the house. And then a gate in the deer-fence let us into the garden and arboretum, with rows of ancient trees marking its confines. The emerald turf was studded with

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thousands of gay little winter aconites lifting their yellow heads to the sun out of their petticoats of close green leaves, and countless snowdrops ringing their dainty white bells, looking like downy patches of new-fallen snow on the grass. Among the beautiful groups of rare and curious trees we wandered on till we came to the "Oval" — an oval pond, some three hundred yards along — covered with tiny dabchicks, and busy coots and moor hens who perpetually chased each other through the water on to the island in the middle, and disappeared among the scarlet fringe of dogwood, to emerge on the other side ready for a fresh chase and frolic. Stately swans basked in the sunshine on the water, or stretched their long necks and shook their white wings on shore. Up from the water sloped banks of smooth-shaven turf; and some fifty feet back from the pond rose an encircling line of huge single trees, any one of which was a study in itself, and in whose tall tops jackdaws kept up an incessant chatter over their housebuilding and love-making.

Althorp House lay away to our right — the great

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ALTHORP PARK. — THE HERNERY.

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white house with its priceless books — the finest private library in Europe it is said — and its priceless pictures — portraits by every famous painter for four hundred years — besides Italian and Flemish paintings, some of which, thanks to their owner's generosity, may be seen every winter in the Loan Exhibitions at South Kensington or Burlington House. But we had no time to explore the treasures of Althorp House on that early spring afternoon; so we turned up past the dairy — filled throughout with pots and pans of Dresden china — and reached the limits of the garden.

The gate in the deer-fence was locked: but we made for another which brought us out close to the head keeper's house. It is a beautiful old sandstone building of the sixteenth century; and as we knocked at the massive oak door, studded with nails and clamped with iron, an inscription on the stone lintel, rudely carved with a knife, caught my eye:

THOMAS PADGET
KEEPER
1672.

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A chorus of dogs answered our knock; and as the door opened, a splendid Skye terrier with knowing look and one ear cocked up and the other down, and a couple of Teckels — long-backed, bandy-legged, satin-coated, black-and-tan German turn-spits, with delicate heads like miniature blood-hounds, and sad pathetic eyes — poured out upon us an avalanche of heads, tails, legs and barks. But their bark is worse than their bite; and they are soon begging to share the delicious tea and bread and butter with which we are regaled. The head keeper Mr. C——, is past ninety; and his father, who was head keeper before him, died when he was past ninety; and his son who will be head keeper when the dear old man is gone to his rest, has every right to live to the same ripe old age; for his mother also came of a long-lived family. Her brother, who died quite recently, served in the American War of Independence.

But what a picture the old man is, in his well-made shooting coat with innumerable pockets, and his tight snuff-colored breeches, and top boots — and what a perfect gentleman he is, with courtly,

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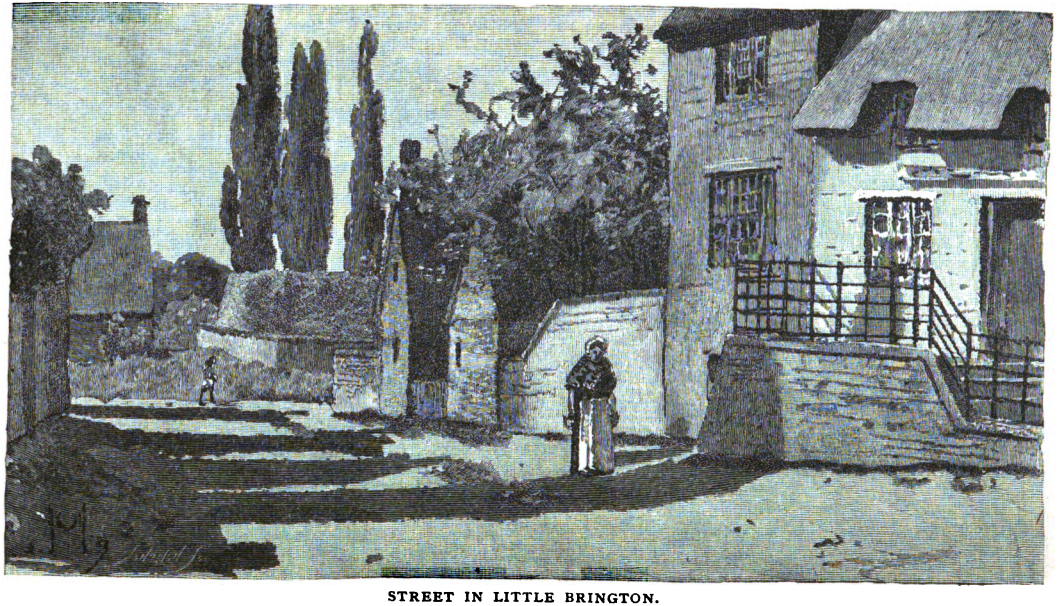

STREET IN LITTLE BRINGTON.

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highbred manners that this schoolboard-taught generation may strive and struggle after, but never attain, in spite of all their boasted civilization. He has lived among the great of the world; but he knows his place, and keeps it too. And though his grandchildren are barristers and clergymen he is "My Lord's head keeper," and proud he is of his position.

The hounds came past on Saturday, his granddaughter said; and though he had been ailing for a day or two, the old man ordered his horse, and escorted the Empress of Austria across the Park.

"Yes," he said, "I saw them all. — There was Lord ——, he came and spoke to me, and I asked how his son was — nice boy he was — used to be often at Althorp. He said he was in Ireland. And Squire B—— come and spoke to me. Yes! they all know *me*. Last time the Prince of Wales was here, he came up to see me — but I was out."

And the fine cheery old face lights up at the remembrance of all these little attentions. I told him I had never seen a heronry before, and he beamed again.

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"Ah! now," he said, "I *am* pleased they've gone back there! At one time I was afraid as

they'd all go away. They took to building in a little spinney close down here in Holdenby fields: but I wasn't going to stand that — so I took a man

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LITTLE BRINGTON, ENG.—AT THE VILLAGE PUMP.

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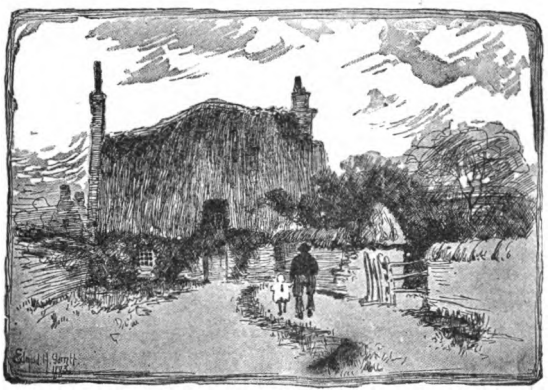
or two, and pulled every one of their nests right down; and then they went back to the old place. I *was* glad, for they've built there for between two hundred and three hundred years."

He told us that the herons go out at night in



END OF A LANE IN BRINGTON.

long lines, two and two, and rob the fish ponds and the shallows for miles round — standing motionless under the hedges waiting for the favorable hour to begin, like a regiment of soldiers: and before morning they came home with their pouches crammed with fish and eels. One he said brought home an eel hook and well besides the eel, and

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got himself hooked up in the trees by it, and would have starved to death had not the keepers climbed up and released him.

But now the sun is getting low, and we turn homewards across the Park, past the herds of deer under the great trees feeding up to the sunset; and overhead stream up countless thousands of rooks and their attendant jackdaws. Away to the west, from out of the eye of the setting sun, they come, seemingly an interminable line ever growing and increasing; and then when they settle down in the trees on the knolls above the house, what a sea of sound their voices make, till night falls and quiets them.

Up the avenue the church tower over the Washington graves glows against the bright evening sky: and as we near home children's voices playing round the old Market Cross by the Rectory gates, rise shrill and clear, and we are once more in the work-a-day world.

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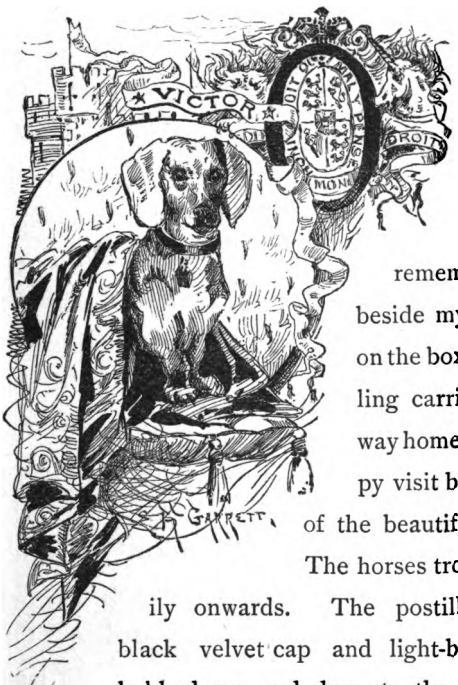
CHARLES KINGSLEY AND HIS DOGS.



ONCE upon a time when I was a little girl I remember sitting beside my father upon the box of a travelling carriage, on our way home from a happy visit by the banks of the beautiful Thames. The horses trotted steadily onwards. The postillion in his black velvet cap and light-blue jacket, bobbed up and down to the cadence of

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their measured steps; mile after mile of black fir-trees rising out of beds of purple heather, slipped behind us, and there between our feet, secured by a strong chain, lay a long-backed, short-legged, wiry-haired yellow puppy.

That was Dandy.

Presently the fir-trees and sandy heaths melted into ploughed fields and hedgerows. We came to the crest of a long hill, and below us, between wide-stretching, heather-clad moors known as Finchampstead Ridges and Hartfordbridge Flats, lay a sunny green vale. Down into the vale we trotted, through copses full of nightingales; over the little Blackwater River, where otters barked in the crumbling banks, and kingfishers darted out — a flash of sapphire and emerald — from some sheltering alder; past the smooth-shaven village green where men and boys were playing cricket after their days' work; past thatched cottages, each with its garden bright with flowers; past bits of common where the cottagers fed their geese, and their donkeys browsed on the prickly golden-flowered gorse; up the church lane from whose banks in spring we children filled our

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hands with sweet-scented white violets that hid their modest heads among the grass beneath the tall elm-trees. Then we came to a farmhouse with its barns and rick yards; and beyond it we saw a square red brick church tower, and beyond the church tower lay a low old bay-windowed red brick house covered with roses and creepers and guarded by three huge Scotch fir-trees rising from the green lawn — and we were at home: for this was Eversley Rectory, and here Dandy was to live.

But before I introduce you to Dandy himself, I must tell you a little about his family history; for he was no common cur, picked up out of the streets, and he must be treated with proper respect, as befits a dog of ancient pedigree.

He was one of that renowned breed of terriers that Sir Walter Scott made famous in "Guy Mannering," of "auld Pepper and auld Mustard, and young Pepper and young Mustard, and little Pepper and little Mustard," who, as their gallant old owner said, "fear naething that ever cam' wi' a hairy skin on't." The first Dandie Dinmont terriers belongs to Mr. James Davidson, of Hindlee, on the edge of the Teviotdale

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Mountains, and their master was the original of the delicious character of the brave old border farmer, Dandie Dinmont of Charlie's-hope. From these fearless ancestors sprang a long line of fearless descendants. They are something like a skye terrier, but heavier and stronger, with shorter hair; and in color are either "pepper," a bluish-gray, or "mustard," or reddish-brown. They are noted for courage, sagacity, strength and faithfulness; and among all that famous family never was there a wiser, a better, or a finer dog than our dear friend Dandy; for a friend he soon became. We loved him as one of the family, and he rejoiced in our joys and grieved and sympathized in our sorrows.

In a few months after his arrival Dandy had grown to his full size. He was a long, low dog, with very short, strong, crooked legs, big paws that turned out like a turnspits', a broad head with plenty of room for his brain, powerful jaws and teeth, soft drooping ears, and tender, steadfast brown eyes which expressed every thought in his heart as plainly as if he had had the gift of speech, the only human attribute that was denied him. He was immensely strong; and though

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perfectly sweet-tempered to every human being who did no evil, he soon developed a taste for fighting other dogs which, I am ashamed to say, was a great source of delight to us naughty children. For if in our walks we met a strange dog that looked as if it would like to make a meal upon us, Dandy was bristling all over in a minute. Then the big dog—for Dandy would never notice dogs smaller than himself—would take a turn round the low yellow dog, growling with contempt. Then came a sudden snarl—a flash of white teeth, and the big bully was lying in the dust, while Dandy, unhurt, stood calmly surveying his prostrate foe who had been seized by the leg and rolled over just when he expected to make an easy end of our precious defender.

One day I remember a little carter-boy coming down to the Rectory in some excitement.

"Oh, please 'um, you'd better go up on Brick Hill, that there dog of yourn's been a fightin', and 'eve got two dogs down and he standin' on 'em."

And sure enough there stood Dandy, bristling and triumphant, with his fore feet planted on a huge sheep dog and a greyhound belonging to a neighbor-

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ing farmer, who lay not daring to move head or tail. How he managed it we never could tell, for each of his adversaries was twice as big as he was: but any dog having once felt Dandy's teeth was sure to submit to his rule for the rest of his life.

No children are perfect; and so Dandy's early days could not be expected to pass without some youthful misdemeanors. The most serious of these, and one which he bitterly repented for many years to come, occurred on a Sunday. We were all away from home, so a strange clergyman was engaged to come over to Eversley for the day to do the duty, and a nice beefsteak had been prepared for his dinner between services. But when the cook went to the larder to get her beefsteak and dress it, it was nowhere to be found. Then she bethought her of Dandy, who had come in a little while before with his nose and paws covered with earth, as if he had been burying some treasure. Search was made, Dandy was watched, and at length he was tracked to a hiding-place in the garden, and there were the melancholy, earthy, half-eaten remains of the poor clergyman's dinner. Dandy was beaten for about the first and

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last time in his life : but he was also scolded, and that hurt him far more than any beating. For years after one had only to say, "Dandy, who stole the

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

beefsteaks?" and his tail would go between his legs, his brown eyes fill with tears, and he would slink away with a look of the most bitter remorse and abject misery.

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When Dandy had been with us for a year or two, we were obliged, on account of my mother's health, to leave Eversley for a couple of years, and go to the milder climate of Devonshire. Our first point was Torquay; and here we children first learnt the delight of life on the seashore. Our whole time was spent in searching the rocks of Livermead for rare sea-beasts, and the sands of Paignton for shells and sea weeds, which we brought home and kept alive in large glass vivariums. Dandy was our constant companion; and while we with our father were hunting for the lovely living flowers of the rock pools, Dandy was enjoying himself quite as much hunting for rabbits along the cliffs and sand hills. One day we had been on Paignton Sands, and came home laden with a precious prize—the great "red-legged cockle," that strange mollusk that at certain times appears in vast quantities in Torquay, and is not found anywhere else till you get down at the coasts of the Mediterranean. Dandy, however, did not come home with us; but we took little thought of his absence, feeling sure he was busily engaged in some rabbit-hole, and would follow us when he had come to the end of his task.

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But evening came, and no Dandy. I can see the table in the window with lamp upon it, and the great yellow cockle shells hopping and clattering about in the glass pans of salt water, each on their red coral

EVERSLEY RECTORY.

leg like a scarlet capsicum. But even cockles, rare and strange as they were, could not console us, and we were very miserable.

Presently, late in the evening, came a knock at the

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door, and when it was opened there stood a coast-guard man in his sailor dress, and in his arms, limp and still, lay Dandy. Oh the misery of that sight! how we cried! He seemed if not dead, at least dying; unable to move, yet still smiling with his loving, faithful eyes at his beloved master. He had fallen over a cliff while hunting his rabbits or trying to find us, and the good coastguard, on his rounds to keep the coast safe from smugglers, had found him lying apparently dead, and knowing us and our love for the dog, had carried him all the way to Livermead in his arms.

But Dandy was not to die yet. He was nursed and tended like a sick child. After some while he began to mend; and by the time we left Torquay and drove across Dartmore to Bideford, on the north coast of Devon, Dandy was as well as ever, and dug out scores of rabbits on Northam Burrows, among the rest-harrow and lady-fingers, while the Atlantic waves roared upon the pebble-ridge hard by; and made himself the terror of all evil doers, whether dogs or men, at Bideford; and was pursued wherever he went by an excited but respectful crowd of

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little boys, who screamed to each other in shrill, west-county voices, to "come and look at the young lion."

Time went by. We were once more in our dear home at Eversley, and Dandy rejoiced like us to settle down after his travels. It was a happy life that we led. Above the Rectory, between the green fields and the brown moors, lies the Mount, a little bit of primeval forest untouched by the hand of man since the Norman Conquest, and here most of our young days were spent. There was a huge hollow oak, into whose branches we climbed by a few rough steps; and perched aloft in the green shade we learnt our lessons and played unspeakable games, in which the whole Mount became peopled with imaginary friends and enemies, and we had wonderful adventures and escapes, slew monsters, and visited the fairies, within the limit of one acre of wood. Here we gathered the blue wild hyacinth, or the starry wood anemone; we crept softly under the holly trees and watched the quivering brown throat of the nightingale, as, with head aloft, he poured forth a torrent of tremulous song; we listened to the

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little wood-wren in the tree-top, and in the forks of the gorse-stems we found the tiny dormice clewed up in their nests. And this was Dandy's kingdom. Every rabbit-burrow he knew by heart; and deep was his joy when, in the holidays, our man George would come with gun and spade and ferrets for a day's rabbiting with my brothers. In an incredibly short time he would be nearly buried in a rabbit hole, digging the sand away with his strong fore-paws, and sending it flying behind him with his hind feet.

But though Dandy loved us and loved hunting, he loved his master best of all. Never was he so happy as when he was trotting after my father in his long walks over the parish to see the sick and poor. Over the wide desolate moors he followed his footsteps, along the narrow tracks in the heather. He knew every cottage, and would lie motionless for any length of time by some sick woman's bedside, while his master read and prayed with her. Or on the days my father had a "Cottage Lecture," a little service for some old folks who were too feeble to get to church, Dandy was sure to be there, never moving,

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or disturbing even the cat by the turf fire while the service went on. He sometimes came to church himself, but there he behaved with his wonted discretion.

Once when my father was preaching at Northam, near Bideford, we found on arriving at the church door that Dandy had followed us, though he generally knew he was not to come out on Sunday morning. It was too far to send him home, so we told him to come in and be quiet. But he knew it was a strange church, and seemed uneasy lest all should not go right with his master in such an unknown place. So when my father went up into the pulpit for the sermon, Dandy followed him, and calmly lying down on the top of the high old-fashioned pulpit steps, looked round on the astonished congregation as much as to say, "If you attempt to annoy or hurt my master, I am here to defend him," and there he watched till the sermon was over.

Years came and went, and we children grew up, and Dandy grew old — very old for a terrier of his breed. At last, when he was thirteen years old, he could hardly do more than crawl off his mat in the

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front hall to a sunny corner in the garden, though still when we said to him, "Ring your bell, Dandy," he would flap his strong tail against the floor, and smile in our faces. And then came the sad day when in his ripe old age he peacefully died, and went away to the happy hunting-grounds to which all good dogs go. There was not a dry eye in our home that day, and we all mourned for a true friend. Faithful and loving was Dandy, self-denying and self-controlled to a degree that might shame most human beings. And when he was buried on the lawn under the great fir-trees where he had spent so many happy days, his master engraved upon the little stone which covers his grave:

"FIDELI FIDELES."
The faithful to the faithful.

Before Dandy died another dog came to our home — an enormous black retriever whose name was Sweep. His mother, who belonged to a neighbor of ours, was celebrated for her light mouth. I have seen her master roll a new-laid egg down a grassy slope, when she rushed after it, caught it while it was

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yet rolling, and brought it uncracked to his feet. This lightness of mouth our Sweep inherited; and it was pretty to see him in the stable-yard catch a wee snow-white kitten by the nape of its neck, and carry it unhurt wherever she told him. The kitten delighted in the feat, and would come rubbing and purring against the great black dog to make him do it again. By and by as the kitten grew into a cat, Sweep found she was too heavy to take up by her neck without pinching her too hard with his teeth; so he used to take her whole head into his capacious mouth, and so carry her about, much to the horror of any newcomer, who thought of course he was going to bite her head right off!

Sweep in his way was as faithful as Dandy; but it was a curious way, and sometimes rather alarming. He had been taught in the stable to guard anything left in his charge against all comers, if one told him to "mind it." One day a foolish stable boy told him to "mind" my youngest brother's hat, which he had dropped on the ground. The child wanting his hat, stooped to pick it up; whereupon Sweep flew at him and bit him, refusing to give up the hat until the

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stable boy in terror at what he had been the cause of, came to the rescue. Happily the bite proved a slight matter. But every one was careful after that how they told Sweep to mind their property.

He was a strange dog, and there were only three people in the world who might lay a finger on him;

DANDY ALWAYS PREFERRED A BIG FOE.

my brother and I, and our man George. If we had beaten him to death I believe he would have submitted with perfect good temper. But woe betide any other rash mortal who raised so much as a straw to chastise him. Our good neighbor and doctor once was kind enough to come and see Sweep, who in hunting had hurt his eye with a thorn. The dog

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was suffering greatly, and I brought him into the kitchen, and sitting down close to the door got his head firmly between my knees, and coaxed and comforted him till the doctor appeared. He opened the door beside me, advanced to his patient with soothing words, and then leaning forward, was about to examine the injured eye. But with a roar like thunder, up sprang Sweep, tearing himself from my grasp; the doctor flew through the door as if he had been shot out of a gun; and Sweep's eye had to get well by itself.

Sweep hated tramps, and very few dared visit our house if they knew he was at home. One day in his objection to this most objectionable race of people, he nearly devoured one of my friends. She was a very pretty young lady, who had the gift of transforming herself by a few touches, a twist of her hair, a red cloak, and an old bonnet, into one of the most appallingly hideous old women I ever had the misfortune to see. One evening she dressed up in this fashion, and knocking at the kitchen door, suddenly appeared before the astonished servants. Sweep was more than astonished — he was furious — and with

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a terrific growl rushed at the supposed tramp and would certainly have torn her down had she not had the wit to jump upon the kitchen table, which gave George time to recognize her and drag the dog off.

Nevertheless in spite of these shows of temper we were all devoted to Sweep. He was a grand fellow and a splendid watch dog. Indeed we thought that it was because he was such a terror to tramps and evil doers that he came to a melancholy end. For one day he seemed ill and out of sorts, and before evening was dead of poison, which had evidently been laid down for him somewhere near the house.

But I cannot finish Sweep's history without speaking of his dear friend "Victor," our little royal dog, for he and Sweep were inseparable companions.

Once when my father was dining at Windsor Castle, he admired the Queen's favorite Dachshund, who never leaves her side; and the Queen graciously promised him a puppy as soon as any were ready. Months went and we heard nothing of the gift. But the Queen never forgets, and one day my father received a note from one of the keepers at Windsor:

"DEAR SIR:—A fine deakle pup awaits your commands."

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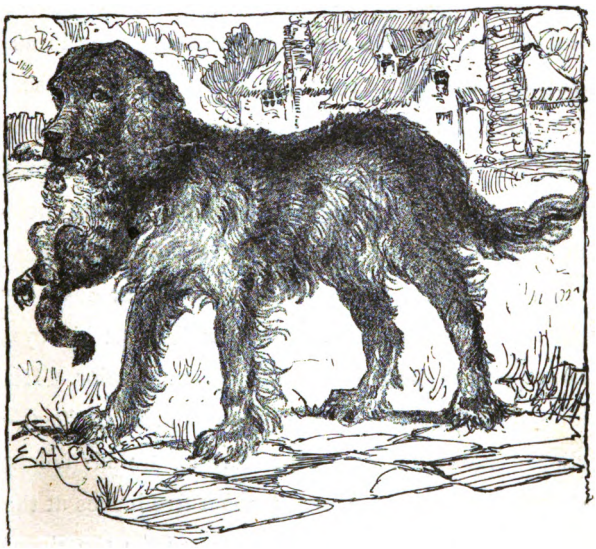
We laughed over the Englishman's attempt at German spelling, but sent the commands; and a hamper arrived with a little squeaking puppy inside



SWEEP AND HIS CAT TRICK.

it. He looked at first like an animated worm with four legs, he was so long and thin and low. But he found his way into our hearts in spite of his queer looks, and became the spoilt child of the house.

These Dachshunds, or Teckels, or German Turn-

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spits, are used as their first name denotes, for hunting badgers in Germany. They are also useful with wild boars, as they are so low that when the boar makes a rush at them they can generally slip under his tusks and seize him by the leg. The Prince of Wales's famous dog "Woodman" has a great scar all along his side from the tusk of a wild boar in one of these encounters. The Dachshunds are of three colors: black and tan, liver colored, and pale chestnut. The last are the most valuable, and also, alas! the most delicate, as we found to our cost; for our little dog that we named "Victor," after his royal donor, was a beautiful warm chestnut color. His long body was set upon the crookedest of legs—elbows turning out and wrists turning in; his height when he was full grown was about five inches at the shoulders; and he was a yard long from the tip of his nose to the tip of his tail. But his grotesque appearance was more than made up for by the beauty of his head. It was like that of a miniature bloodhound, with fine nose, drooping ears, large pathetic eyes, and his coat was as smooth as satin.

As I said, he soon became our spoilt child, and

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ruled the house. He refused to sleep anywhere save wrapped in a blanket on a certain low wicker chair between my sister's and my beds. If we attempted to put him elsewhere not a creature in the house could sleep for Master Victor's howls. So at last we succumbed, and our nights were tolerably tranquil till about four o'clock in the morning, when I was always roused by a scramble and a scrimmage. This was Victor, who arrived headlong upon my chest, scratched the bedclothes aside, wormed his soft little body down my bed till he reached my feet, and lay there happily till morning, giving a little growl and sometimes a gentle nip with his small teeth if I moved.

He was a dog of very aristocratic tastes. No power on earth could make him go down by the back-stairs; and if the maids ever chanced to persuade him to come with them to the kitchen, he would leave them to go down their own way, and running round by the front staircase, meet them at the kitchen door.

Dachshunds were much less common twelve years ago than they are now. And when my father's duties took us to Chester for three months every summer, we were almost mobbed by the boys of that dear old

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city when we took Victor out walking. His long back, his crooked legs, and his bright, intelligent head were sources of never-failing wonder and delight to the young rogues, who pursued us with jeers and shouts, of which Victor never took notice.

But it was at Eversley that the little dog was the happiest. Sometimes he went out on a private rabbit hunt with his friend Sweep; and we used to see the little wriggling yellow body panting after his big black companion, and imagining he was going to catch a rabbit that outstripped him in a moment.

But when the dinner-bell — or still more on Sunday, when the church bells rang — then, indeed, we had a ludicrous exhibition from the two dogs. Sweep could not endure the sound of bells, and the moment they began to ring down went his tail, up went his head, and round and round the house he flew howling in the most frightful way. Victor had not the least natural objection to bells — at Chester he bore the whole cathedral chime with perfect composure — but he felt it right to show his sympathy for Sweep when he was with him, upon the principle that imitation is the sincerest flattery. So as soon as the bells

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began, out of the house shot Victor; over the lawn, along the garden paths and through the yard he followed Sweep in his agonized race, turning where he turned, stopping where he stopped, and adding shrill yelps and howls to his friend's lamentations.

SWEEP COULD NOT ENDURE THE SOUND OF BELLS.

Poor little Victor; his life was a short one. When we had had him for nearly two years he fell terribly ill. And in spite of every care — in spite of his

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beloved master sitting up with him for three whole nights watching and tending the suffering little creature — he died at last, and was buried beside Dandy and his friend Sweep under the fir-trees.

After that my father said he would never have another pet dog ; they cost one too much sorrow. So Victor was the last of the faithful friends who were so faithfully loved by their master.

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THE QUEEN'S LITTLE SKYE.

THE winter of 1587 was a gloomy one for the beautiful Mary Stuart, the captive Queen of Scots. It is not strange after her nineteen years of imprisonment in English castles, manor houses, and even common inns, that the buoyant spirit and elastic temperament, which supported her in the darkest hours, had almost worn out.

During the autumn of 1586, she had been hurried from Tutbury to Chartley, to Tixall, then back to Tutbury, and finally to Fotheringay Castle. As she rode with her few faithful ladies and attendants under its frowning portcullis, she whispered, "Now I am lost!" And her words were prophetic; for Fotheringay Castle was the last prison-house of Mary of Scotland.

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Through the whole month of January she was sick with a rheumatic affection of the limbs, which prevented her walking from her bed to her chair.

All this sad time she and her "Maries," four ladies of her own name, and educated with her in France, were much diverted by a little dog called Bébé, that had been given to the Queen by one of the guards the summer before.

Bébé would lie at her feet, cuddle himself into her arms as she sat at her table, and would not eat unless they brought his food into her room where she could watch him while he made his dainty meal. He was a very gentle, tiny Skye terrier; and it made the ladies laugh to bring a gleam of anger into the little creature's appealing blue eyes by pretending to pull the Queen's dress a little rudely; or by disturbing some article of her toilet which she had commanded him to guard. Also, after the manner of heart-sick captives in all ages, they diverted themselves by teaching him quaint odd tricks, like catching a ball, sitting on his hind legs, holding his forepaws like hands as if begging, and finding each of them, if the Queen called

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them by name, when they had hidden behind the tapestry which concealed the rough mouldy walls of the old fortress of the Plantagenets.

On Sunday, February 5, 1587, an unusual feeling of apprehension seized the imprisoned household. The guards were doubled, no two persons were allowed to talk together, poor terrified Bébé wailed ceaselessly, and the sentinels were startled by a brilliant meteor like a flame opposite the Queen's window, which returned thrice. In the evening Earl Shrewsbury and Earl Kent arrived from the court of Queen Elizabeth, and among their servants, a sinister-faced man, dressed in black, who was known only too well and whose name was whispered with horror. Well might men shudder as they saw him; for he had been seen on every one of the blood-stained scaffolds of the Tudors.

Two days passed in quiet; but late on the afternoon of Tuesday, February 7, the earls demanded audience with the Queen. She was ill in bed; but she said if the matter was important she would rise and see them at once. They answered, "Their matter would brook no delay." When the ladies

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took up the Queen's mantle to wrap it around her, they found Bébé hidden in its great hood of fur.

The Earl of Shrewsbury, without preface or hesitation, told Mary it was the will of Queen Elizabeth that she should die at eight of the clock the next morning.

All present exclaimed at the brief space between the sentence and the execution; all but Mary, who, as Shrewsbury himself tells us, only smiled a little, not even her hands trembling, he noticing them because she was playing with a little dog in her lap. Shrewsbury had been her jailer for many a year and had told Elizabeth repeatedly, "that there was naught in earth or heaven the Scotch Queen feared." Paulet, who alone of all her keepers disliked her personally, likewise relates, how unconcernedly she played with her little terrier, while they read her death-warrant.

I will not dwell upon the night of anguish which followed the departure of Elizabeth's messengers, nor upon the bitter farewells of the early morning. Neither will I rehearse again the pathetic story of the execution of the Queen. Shrewsbury and

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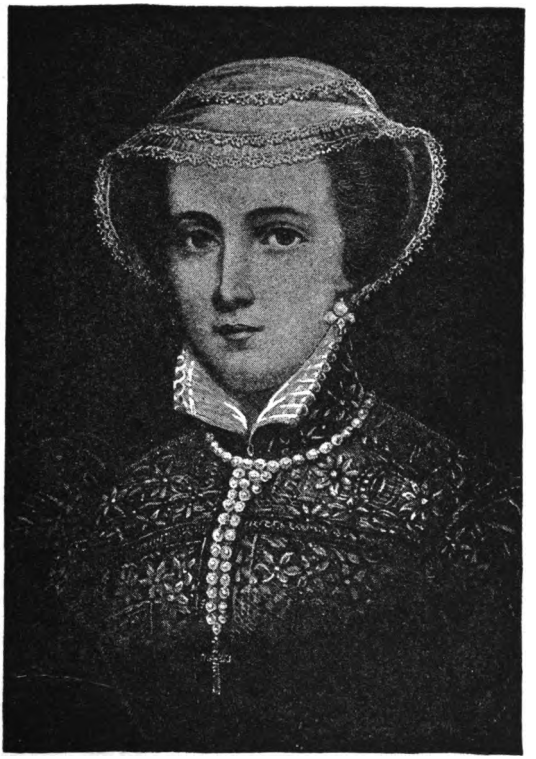

MARY OF SCOTLAND.

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Kent, Paulet and Melville, her devoted Protestant secretary, all tell us that, as they led her through the great banqueting hall of the castle to the upper end where, by the side of the gigantic fireplace, a platform had been built to support the headsman's block, a reprieve was confidently and momentarily expected. But no reprieve came, and the soul of Mary Stuart escaped like a bird from the snare of the fowler. For two hours after her death none of her ladies were allowed to go near the body; but when Jane Kennedy was permitted to remove the clothes and mantle, she heard a little moan. Startled, she wiped away her blinding tears, and looking carefully, found again in the great hood, faithful Bébé!

In the confusion he had followed his mistress unperceived. Forced from the spot, he attacked Paulet so fiercely that the latter shrank away. The affectionate little creature never touched food or drink and died three days after the dreadful tragedy, keeping up until his last breath, "a kind of death lament," inexpressibly touching.

It is said the place where little Bébé was buried

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was pointed out as late as the reign of Charles the First who was grandson of Mary, Queen of Scots; and who inherited if not all her virtues, at least all her faults; and if he missed her fascinations, failed not of her miseries.

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QUEEN ELIZABETH'S SCHOOLMASTER.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S schoolmaster's name was Roger Ascham—so much a good many of you know already. I suppose that Roger Ascham was the most famous schoolmaster that there ever was in England, except Arnold Rugby himself — because he had such a famous scholar.

It was ten years before Elizabeth became queen that Roger Ascham first became her teacher. She was only fourteen years old then. Her father — "bluff King Hal," you know — had died the year before, and he had had her mother's head cut off when she herself was a mere baby, so that she was an orphan now, and she was in the hands of a very bad lot of women. I think that it was the most fortunate thing in the world that so good a schoolmaster as Roger Ascham came to her at just this

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time. If, with her bad governess and all the rest of the bad people around her, she had had a bad schoolmaster too, I don't know what would have become of her.

Roger Ascham came up to her from St. John's College, Cambridge. He had studied in the University almost all his life, and knew so much Greek and wrote such beautiful Latin letters that everybody in England, who could read at all, knew about him. He was only fifteen years old when he first came to Cambridge from his Yorkshire home, in 1530, to study in St. John's College. St. John's College had been opened just as Ascham was born and was already the most famous college in Cambridge — though now it is not nearly so important as Trinity College. But it is very much larger now than it was when Roger Ascham came up to study there; and it has a beautiful building on the farther side of the Cam, with a beautiful bridge, like the Bridge of Sighs in Venice, across the river from the old brick buildings around the three courts, which were there in Ascham's time. I often used to walk through these old courts, when

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I lived in Cambridge. In one of them, up a little winding stair, lives an old professor. He has a good many rooms up there, and the rooms are all so full of books, piled on the shelves and the tables and the chairs and the floor, that one can hardly get about. There are Greek and Latin and Hebrew books, and French and Italian books, and books in every language, I guess, that were ever spoken by decent men; and this professor can read them all. But I think he likes the old English books best of all. He has everything that Roger Ascham ever wrote — the long Latin letters and everything — and once he published a beautiful edition of the *Schoolmaster* — that is Ascham's famous book — with many learned notes. He has written a big history of St. John's College too, with a great deal about Ascham in it. I never used to go by the little winding-stair in the gateway, that led up to this wise professor among his books, without thinking that it was something so that Roger Ascham used to live at St. John's College, and hoping that he had those very rooms. Perhaps he did.

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At first he didn't, certainly, for at first he was only a common student, and four students had to sleep in each chamber; only the doctors had each a chamber to himself. At four o'clock in the morning, one of the scholars had to get up and ring the college bell, to wake such scholars as were willing to leave their beds for their books so early. At eight in the evening in winter, and nine in summer, the gates were locked, and all the students had to be inside the college before that time. They all had to speak Latin; if they spoke English in the college they were fined. None of them could keep hawks or dogs, or play at cards or dice, except at Christmas, and then only in the hall.

Ascham was a very diligent student and he began to play the schoolmaster in his earliest college days. He adopted for his motto, "*Qui docet discit*"—*who teaches learns.* One of the Cambridge wise men told him that he would gain more knowledge by explaining one of Æsop's fables to a boy, than by hearing one of Homer's poems explained by another; and as soon as he had got well started

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in Greek, he read lectures, while he was yet a boy, to other boys who wanted to learn. He was elected a Fellow of the college, and in a few years he had a great many pupils and all the people in the University were talking about what a wonderful scholar he was and how well he knew how to teach others what he knew himself. He was not merely a book-worm, this young scholar; he was famous in the University for all sorts of accomplishments. He learned to play on musical instruments, such as they had in those days — Aunt Lu can tell you what the great-great-grandfather of her piano was; — and he was one of the few who excelled in writing. The English people were then only just beginning to learn how to write; it was quite a new thing. Roger Ascham wrote very beautifully, and afterwards taught Queen Elizabeth and her brother, King Edward the Sixth, to write. He not only wrote his pages neatly, but he would embellish the margins with beautiful drawings, which were much admired at Cambridge, and at Whitehall too. He was very skilful also with his bow and arrow. He was never very strong and he had to exercise a

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good deal in the open air, to keep from being sick with all his hard study. His favorite amusement was archery. He was as fond of archery as Izaak Walton was of angling; and he wrote a book called *Toxophilus* — which means "Lover of the Bow."

Roger Ascham lived nearly twenty years at St. John's College, and I think he was happier there among his books than he ever was at Whitehall, writing Latin letters for Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth. While he was teaching Elizabeth the first time — she was only the Princess Elizabeth then, not Queen Elizabeth — he was always thinking of his little room at Cambridge, and of the pleasant talks the scholars used to have after dinner, about Plato and Cicero.

Elizabeth, as I have said, was only fourteen years old when Ascham first became her teacher. Her father had died the year before, and her brother, whom she loved so much, and who had always called her his "dearest sister," or his "sweet sister Temperance," had become king, and she almost never saw him again. Good Cath-

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erine Parr, the last of Henry's queens, who had carefully attended to her earlier education, was now married again, to a bad man; and Elizabeth was living, with her governess and her other ladies, at Cheshunt. She was a very bright and pretty girl, and a good scholar. At the age of twelve she wrote very nice letters in French, Spanish and Italian, and was studying geography, architecture, mathematics and astronomy. She was fond of poetry, and sometimes made very good verses herself. But she gave more attention to history than to anything else; and I think that was very wise of her, for history could teach her what made good kings and queens, and what made bad ones.

Ascham taught the princess for nearly two years. He had known her before; had given her little presents — a pen, an Italian book, and a book of prayers — and had praised her for her progress in learning under his good friend, William Grindal. When Grindal died, Queen Catherine and her bad husband, the Lord Admiral, tried hard to have Elizabeth take Mr. Goldsmith for her new master; but she would have nobody but

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learned Roger Ascham — and so up came Ascham from St. John's College.

At the end of the two years, he left very abruptly and went back to Cambridge, offended by the impertinence of some of the servants. The Lady Elizabeth too was quite broken down in health—for she had many things to worry and weary her in those days; and so it was not till after the schoolmaster had been to Augsburg — I wish I could tell you about his journey there — and was back in London as Queen Mary's secretary, that the princess and he read more Latin and Greek together.

I suppose that some boys and girls think that it is a very easy and delightful thing to be a princess. Perhaps they think that a princess can do anything she likes and that all her days are holidays, in which she walks about in the beautiful rooms in her palace, and goes riding in a beautiful purple velvet dress in a beautiful golden chariot with a great many beautiful lords and ladies on beautiful cream-colored horses. But really a princess has to work very hard, very much

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harder than other girls. She has teachers a great many hours every day — Latin teachers and French teachers and music teachers and all the rest — and must study very diligently; for everybody would be ashamed of an ignorant princess, and laugh at her.

She cannot often marry the man whom she loves, like other girls, but must marry some prince or duke who is picked out for her by the court. And in Queen Elizabeth's time a princess was very fortunate if she didn't get her head cut off; and the most that the lords and the ladies on the white horses and in the beautiful palace had to do was to keep murderers from getting at the princess. I don't think that was a very delightful life, I'm sure. But Elizabeth was very brave and not at all afraid of murderers.

A great many ladies in Queen Elizabeth's time were fine scholars, quite as good as any of our ladies to-day. Roger Ascham said that Mildred Cecil, Sir William Cecil's wife, talked Greek as well as English. Queen Mary, Elizabeth's sister, was almost as good a scholar as Elizabeth herself;

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and Ascham, in his *Schoolmaster*, tells a most interesting story of how, when he made his farewell visit to Lady Jane Grey, before going to Germany, he found her in her chamber reading Plato's *Phædon* in Greek, with as much delight as some gentlemen would read a merry tale in *Boccacio*. Her parents and all the gentlemen and gentlewomen were hunting in the park; but she said that all their sport was but a shadow to the pleasure that she found in Plato. Her parents were very sharp and severe with her, but she had a gentle and learned schoolmaster. "When I am in presence either of father or mother," she said to Ascham, "whether I speak, keep silence, sit, stand or go, eat, drink, be merry or sad, be sewing, playing, dancing, or doing anything else, I must do it even so perfectly as God made the world, or else I am so sharply taunted, so cruelly threatened, yea, presently sometimes with pinches, nips and bobs, and other ways so without measure misordered, that I think myself in hell till time come that I must go to Mr. Elmer; who teacheth me so gently, so pleasantly, with such fair allurements to learn-

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THE LADY ELIZABETH AND HER SCHOOLMASTER.

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ing, that I think all the time nothing whiles I am with him."

She would fall to weeping when her study hours were over, and all her other pleasures were but trifles and troubles to her, beside her book. Poor Lady Jane Grey! Roger Ascham wrote her a letter from Augsburg, telling her how pleasantly he remembered his visit and begging her to write him a letter in Greek, as she had promised to do. But he never saw her again; and she was beheaded in the Tower soon after he returned to London.

With Elizabeth our schoolmaster was altogether delighted — she was a pupil after his own heart — and I think you will like to see what he wrote about her after he went back to St. John's College, so as to know what kind of a scholar a princess can be. This is a very famous letter:

There are many honorable ladies now who surpass Thomas More's daughters in all kinds of learning; but among all of them the brightest star is my illustrious Lady Elizabeth. She has just passed her sixteenth birthday, and shows such dignity and gentleness as are wonderful at her age and in her rank. Her study of true religion and learn-

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ing is most energetic. Her mind has no womanly weakness, her perseverance is equal to that of a man, and her memory long keeps what it quickly picks up. She talks French and Italian as well as English; she has often talked to me readily and well in Latin, and moderately so in Greek. When she writes Greek and Latin, nothing is more beautiful than her handwriting. She is as much delighted with music as she is skilful in the art. She read with me almost all Cicero and great part of Titus Livius; for she drew all her knowledge of Latin from those two authors. She used to give the morning of the day to the Greek Testament, and afterwards read select orations of Isocrates and the tragedies of Sophocles. To these I added Saint Cyprian and Melancthon's Common Places, etc., as best suited, after the Holy Scriptures, to teach her the foundations of religion together with elegant language and sound doctrine.

The Lady Elizabeth must have been a very bright young lady indeed to have got so far along in her studies when she was only sixteen years old, yet the schoolmaster was very careful not to crowd her, but to teach her in ways that would make her love learning. "If you pour much drink at once into a goblet," he said to her governess, "the most part will dash out and run

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over; if ye pour it softly, you may fill it even to the top." After Elizabeth had learned to decline the nouns and conjugate the verbs, he never had her take a Greek or Latin grammar into her hand; but he kept her translating Demosthenes and Cicero from Greek and Latin into English, and from English back into Greek and Latin, until she was quite familiar with the languages. It was the same way in which the best masters teach French and German, and begin to teach Latin and Greek, nowadays. Queen Elizabeth's schoolmaster was the forerunner, you see, of Otto and Ollendorf and the men who are relieving us of the drudgery of the grammars.

The Lady Elizabeth did not think her education "finished," when she grew up, nor put her Greek and Latin books away in the cupboard, as some of our young ladies do when they leave the high school. After she became queen and Roger Ascham was her secretary, she still used to read and study with him every day. "Point forth six of the best given gentlemen of this court," wrote Ascham in his *Schoolmaster*, "and all they together

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show not so much good will, spend not so much time, bestow not so many hours daily, orderly, and constantly, for the increase of learning and knowledge, as doth the Queen's Majesty herself. Yea, I believe that, beside her perfect readiness in Latin, Italian, French and Spanish, she readeth here now at Windsor more Greek every day than some prebendary of this church doth read Latin in a whole week." Ascham was very proud of her accomplishments and loved to tell of them. He wrote to his friend John Sturm at Strasburg:

I was one day present when she spoke in three languages at once to three ambassadors — the French, the Swedish and the Imperial. She spoke to them in Italian, French and Latin, not hesitatingly or confusedly, but with ease and fluently, in reply to the various things they talked about. That you may see how elegantly she writes, I send you enclosed a piece of paper on which she has written the word *quemadmodum* with her own hand; the upper one is mine, the lower one the Queen's.

He was very proud too of his own part in the education of the Queen. He said that he counted it his greatest blessing, next to the knowledge of

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Christ's religion, that it had pleased God to call him to the work of setting forward such excellent gifts of learning, in so excellent a prince.

Of course the schoolmaster was very intimate with the Queen, and he used to write her very interesting letters; but the most interesting of them all, I think, is one in which he writes to her as though she were two persons, and asks her, as his friend, to beg the Queen to relieve him in some of his financial troubles. He wrote:

I humbly beseech your majesty to imagine that your highness were absent in some withdrawing chamber, and your goodness only present to read this letter; for I write now not as to the Queen to make any suit, but as to my dearest friend to ask some counsel in a suit I would fain make to the Queen. But surely I will make no suit to her highness before I ask counsel of her goodness. If your goodness will allow of it, her highness will grant it.

And so he goes on, talking alternately to "her highness," and "her goodness," through a great many pages.

I should like, of all other times, to have lived when Queen Elizabeth's schoolmaster did and

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have seen the things which were going on in the world then. That was the age of the *Renaissance*, as it is called, or *new birth*, when the old world was waking up from its middle-age torpor. America had been discovered and Sebastian Cabot had found New England; Copernicus was showing that the earth goes round the sun; Luther was nailing his *theses* upon the church door at Wittenberg just as Roger Ascham was born, and before Ascham died England had become a Protestant state. Raphael and Michael Angelo and Leonardo da Vinci were painting their pictures in Italy; Albrecht Dürer was court painter to the German emperor, and Hans Holbein had been born at Augsburg twenty years before and was almost ready to come into England with his letter from Erasmus to Sir Thomas More. Henry the Eighth was King of England, with Wolsey for his minister, Francis the First was King of France, Charles the Fifth was about to become Emperor of Germany, and Leo the Tenth was Pope of Rome. We can learn a fine lesson in history, you see, from the life of this old schoolmaster. The art of printing had

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given people books and there was such a thirst for learning as never was before nor since. The monks had been the only scholars before, and they had known almost nothing but Latin; but now the study of Greek sprang up everywhere. "Aristotle and Plato have been read by the boys at St. John's for the last five years," wrote young Ascham from Cambridge to an old friend. "Sophocles and Euripides are now more familiar to us than Plautus was when you were here; they talk as much of Demosthenes now as they did of Cicero at that time. Yet we do not treat the Latin writers with contempt, but cherish the best of them who flourished in the golden age of their literature."

Only think of all the exciting things that Roger Ascham saw in the course of his life, and of all the interesting people whom he knew! He was acquainted with four English princes and their courts — Henry and Edward and Mary and Elizabeth. He was too young to go with King Henry to the "Field of the Cloth of Gold" — he was only a little boy in Yorkshire then; but he saw the King after his return in triumph from the siege of

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Boulogne, and presented him with a copy of his *Toxophilus* in the picture gallery at Greenwich. Catherine Parr was Henry's queen then. Queen Catherine Howard had been beheaded there years before, and Anne Boleyn had also been beheaded while Ascham was at St. John's College.

That was a great time for beheading people and burning them at the stake. Cardinal Wolsey had not been beheaded, but he would have been if he had not died conveniently of his own accord, that same year that Roger came up to Cambridge to begin his studies. Thomas Cromwell was beheaded in 1540, while Ascham was teaching mathematics; William Tyndale, who translated the Bible, was burned at Vilvoord in 1536—Ascham stopped to see the place on his journey to Augsburg as secretary to Sir Richard Morison; Sir Thomas More, who wrote the *Utopia*, was beheaded at the Tower while Ascham was at Cambridge, and Lord Protector Somerset while he was at Augsburg. And Lady Jane Grey, whom he loved so much, to whom he wrote letters from Augsburg, and whom he had

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THE YOUNG QUEEN ELIZABETH.

(From painting in the English National Portrait Gallery.)

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left in England reading in Plato about immortality —when he came back to England, she was a prisoner in the Tower, and the next year she was beheaded. Ridley, Latimer and Cranmer, too; Ridley had been with him at the University; Cranmer had shown Sir Richard Morison and himself about Canterbury Cathedral and ridden to Dover with them, when they were going to Augsburg; Latimer he had often heard, I do not doubt, preaching at Paul's Cross. These were all burnt at Oxford while he was Queen Mary's secretary.

Roger Ascham was Queen Mary's secretary during almost her entire reign. He wrote her Latin letters and he read Greek with the Lady Elizabeth at Greenwich, and altogether he lived very peaceably while so many people were being burned at Smithfield.

But I think the schoolmaster-secretary must have breathed much more freely, after all, when Mary was really dead and the people told the Lady Elizabeth, as she sat under the tree in Hatfield Park, that she was queen. All England

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breathed more freely too, for everybody had had enough of the Smithfield fires. They brought Elizabeth up to London, where the bells were all ringing, from Cheapside to Westminster, and crowned her in Westminster Abbey; and her old schoolmaster became her secretary and wrote her Latin letters, as he had written Queen Mary's letters before — wrote to Duke Charles of Austria, declining his offer of marriage, wrote to the King of Denmark and the Duke of Florence and the Sophi of Persia and the King of Sweden and the King of Spain and all sorts of great people. Copies of all the letters were kept and we can read them now in the books. He knew Cecil well and Sir Walter Mildmay and the other lords of the court, and I suppose he used to talk with them often about Mary Stuart and John Knox and about Charles the Fifth and all the things he had seen at Augsburg. He knew Sir Nicholas Bacon. Sir Nicholas was keeper of the great seal, and he was Cecil's brother-in-law; and I think it very likely that Ascham heard him tell Cecil when his youngest son was born and that he was going

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to name him Francis. I do not doubt either that he heard some of the Sidneys tell of the bright young Philip, who was studying at Shrewsbury, getting ready for Oxford and Cambridge; and he may sometimes have met in the London streets, without knowing who he was, a boy whose name was Edmund Spenser, who was already dreaming of fauns and nymphs and dwarfs and giants, and who was going by and by to write the great poem called *The Faerie Queen.* Ambassadors and their secretaries came and went to and from the French court and the Italian states and the King of Spain, just as Sir Richard Morison and Ascham had gone to Emperor Charles at Augsburg; and I do not doubt that the Spaniards told the schoolmaster, as they sat with him around the big fires at Whitehall, of the great river Mississippi, which De Soto had discovered in America, and of Ponce de Leon's wanderings in Florida, in search of gold and the Fountain of Youth, and of the town that was being built there, called St. Augustine, at the very time that Ascham was writing his book — the *Schoolmaster.*

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Roger Ascham's *Schoolmaster* is a very famous book. I think it was the first great book ever written in England on education. The schoolmasters in those days were a very savage set of men and they used to whip the children almost to death; the flogging-block was almost the principal thing in the school — the thing, I am sure, which most of the boys remembered longest. Good Roger Ascham thought that all this flogging was very bad business — and when you come to read his book and then think what pleasant places your own schools are and how gentle your teachers are and how much you owe to Roger Ascham and such men for making things so much better, I know that you will be very grateful.

About Latin and Greek, too. The way in which the old schoolmasters used to teach Latin and Greek Ascham thought a very poor way — and I think so too, for I had to learn my own Latin grammar that way. "To read the grammar alone by itself," said Ascham, "is tedious for the master, hard for the scholar, cold and uncomfortable for them both." The scholar who translates

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one little book of Cicero into English, and then back from English into Latin, "will come to a better knowledge in the Latin tongue than the most part do, that spend four or five years in parsing all the rules of grammar in common schools. *Grammatica* itself is sooner and surer learned by examples of good authors than by the naked rules of grammarians." So you see that this old schoolmaster of Queen Elizabeth, three hundred years ago, was the same sort of a reformer as Richard Grant White and the men to-day, who are trying to rid the schoolboys of the drudgery of the grammars.

The way to be educated, Roger Ascham said, is to read the best books. "If ye would speak as the best and wisest do, ye must be conversant where the best and wisest are." Best of all writers he thought Plato, Aristotle and Cicero. "I never yet knew scholar," he said, "that gave himself to like and love and follow chiefly those three authors, if he joined withal the Bible, but he proved both learned, wise and also an honest man." I hope the boys will all write that down — Plato

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Aristotle, Cicero and the Bible; only they must add to these the name of the man who was a little baby at Stratford-on-Avon when Roger Ascham was writing the *Schoolmaster* — Shakespeare.

The best of all teachers Roger Ascham thought was Socrates; and he says with Socrates, that the kind of child that a good father and a wise schoolmaster should choose to make a scholar of is one that "hath memory quick to receive, sure to keep and ready to deliver; hath love to learning; hath lust to labor; hath desire to learn of others; hath boldness to ask any question; hath mind wholly bent to win praise by well doing." Is not that a fine description of a scholar?

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THE RUSKIN MAY-DAY AT WHITELANDS COLLEGE.

THE keeping of May-day dates back to the Romans in the worship of their goddess Flora, who presided over fruits and flowers. The Druids kept the day by bonfires on the hilltops on May-eve. It has long been observed in Italy, Russia and Germany. In France, under the Gothic arch of an old church porch, a little girl may often be seen robed in white, crowned with periwinkle and narcissus, and holding in her hand an olive sceptre. People give money as they pass, and this is used for the May festival.

In England, in the days of King Henry VIII., he and his Queen Katharine used to "go a-Maying" with their subjects. Chaucer tells of it in his

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Court of Love; and of all the May-flowers, he loved the daisy best; and I think he was right.

> That of al the floures in the mede
> Manne love, I most these floures white and rede,
> Such as men callen daysyes in our toune.

In the north of England all the boys and girls used to rise before daylight on May-day, and with music and the blowing of horns, go to the woods in companies, and bring home branches of hawthorn at sunrise to deck their homes. A May-pole, sometimes a hundred and thirty feet high, trimmed with garlands, was set up in the midst of the village, and the lads and lassies danced about it all day long. In some places, and at Edinburgh still, laughing maidens go out in the early morning to wash their faces in May-dew, which is said to make people beautiful.

Within the present century the country milk-maids of England used to garland a cow, and dance around her to the music of the fiddle. The cow probably did not enjoy the affair very greatly. At an earlier time a man would dance in this procession, carrying

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a framework on his head, half covering his body, on which were hung silver flagons and dishes set in flowers. In some places little girls go about from house to house bearing garlands and singing this quaint old song. Of course they expect a few pennies:

Remember us poor Mayers all,
And thus we do begin
To lead our lives in righteousness,
Or else we die in sin.

We have been rambling all this night,
And almost all this day,
And now, returned back again,
We have brought you a branch of May.

A branch of May we have brought you,
And at your door it stands;
It is but a sprout, but it's well budded out
By the work of our Lord's hands.

The hedges and trees they are so green,
As green as any leek;
Our Heavenly Father he watered them
With heavenly dew so sweet.

The heavenly gates are open wide,
Our paths are beaten plain,
And if a man be not too far gone,
He may return again.

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The life of man is but a span,
It flourishes like a flower;
We are here to-day and gone to-morrow,
And we are dead in one hour.

The moon shines bright, and the stars give a light,
A little before it is day;
So God bless you all, both great and small,
And send you a joyful May.

Professor Ruskin has great fondness for all simple and beautiful customs; so last year he asked the girls at Whitelands College to celebrate May-day. And where is Whitelands College? It is in the suburbs of London, at Chelsea, formerly a place of great gayety. Here lived Katharine Parr, Robert Walpole, the Prime Minister of George II., and the great Sir Thomas More, Lord Chancellor of England. Henry VIII. used to walk in More's beautiful garden, with an arm around More's neck; but when, a few years later, the Lord Chancellor would not sanction his divorce and his marriage with Anne Boleyn, this same king had Sir Thomas' head cut off at the Tower.

Here too is the famous Chelsea Hospital, built by Charles II., because a poor crippled soldier begged alms at the carriage of pretty Nell Gywnne, his

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favorite. The grounds are large and beautiful, bordering the Thames, and over five hundred old soldiers live here, as they do in Paris in the Hôtel des Invalides, where the great Napoleon is buried. Just opposite these grounds are the famous Rauelegh Gardens, where Lord Chesterfield, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Dr. Johnson, and the beauties of the day used to gather and have balls and concerts. One hundred valets in scarlet and gold, and one hundred in sky-blue and silver, waited upon the fine ladies and gentlemen. Here they also danced about the May-pole. Here Addison, and Mrs. Somerville, the great mathematician, lived, and here was born Letitia Landon, the poet, who died in her youth and beauty, in Africa. Here, at 25 Cheyne Row, is the house of Thomas Carlyle, a plain three-story brick building. Near by, looking out upon the Thames, is a four-story brick house, with small neat grounds in front, and flowers in pots tended lovingly not long since by George Eliot. Soft red drapings are at the windows. The house looks lonely, as though the choice friends who used to gather here, come now no more.

And here is Whitelands, a three-story cream-colored

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house, used for a century as a girls' school. At the gate, fastened high on either side, are green metal extinguishers, like cornucopias. I had never seen

JOHN RUSKIN.

any before, and so I inquired what they were.

"When Chelsea was a gay city," answered my friend, "long before people had heard of gas, the

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ladies used to be brought home from the parties in Sedan chairs, two torch-bearers walking in front; when the lady was safely indoors, the men would thrust their lights up into the extinguishers and then go home."

Principal Faunthorpe gives us cordial welcome. He is a busy man. Besides training a hundred and forty girls to become teachers, he takes charge of the six hundred children among whom these young school-mistresses practise what they learn. He has also written six books, used in the school; the one on "Household Science" — which tells how to cook, how to clothe one's self, how to dress, and how to manage a home — I should like to see in every girl's hand and in every school.

This training college for English school-mistresses is very dear to Mr. Ruskin's heart. One reason for this is that he knows how important will be their work. In a letter to the girls he says, "You are trusted with the training of Christ's little ones in the way they should go; governesses, to whom, more than to their mothers, England now trusts her girl-souls."

Many are the lovely things which the great writer

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has sent here as gifts: there is a mahogany cabinet containing sixty pictures framed in oak, fifteen of Richter's, the same of Albert Dürer's, and many of Turner's; and there are three large illustrated books of the Plants of Hungary, two of the Flowers of Japan, two of flowers found by the United States exploring expedition in its journey to the north pole, the Birds of Lombardy with their young, and his own books, beautifully bound; there is also an exquisite Koran in a Moslem's bag of red and green velvet, fastened with a braid of gold. Every room in the college has pictures either sketched by him or given by him, with his name or a description in his own handwriting upon them. I count myself fortunate to have even one autograph, while these young ladies have scores.

Mr. Ruskin thought that he could do nothing for these girl-students which should be prettier and give more pleasure than to suggest a May-day celebration. The young school-mistresses were greatly pleased.

They entered into Mr. Ruskin's idea with both seriousness and joyous abandon. They knew that there are not many May-days in the longest life, and

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they knew, too, that Mr. Ruskin, now sixty-three, would not see many more on earth. They resolved that this one should be as charming as possible for his sake.

Great quantities of flowers were gathered. Miss Stanley, the leading governess, with fifteen girls, rose early to garland the house. The pretty dining-room, with its mural decorations by the Duke of Westminster, and the lecture-room, were wreathed with hawthorn, violets, cowslips and other spring blossoms. No country in the world has more exquisite flowers than England. The yellow primrose, creeping close to the ground, which Wordsworth loved so much, the bright narcissus, the modest snowdrop, the cheery daisy and sweet hyacinth and violet, make the air most fragrant. Nowhere have I seen such roses, save in beautiful Florence.

At ten o'clock the rooms were ready for the festivities. A dais covered with flowers had been prepared for the May Queen. All the girls wore wreaths, and the visitors came with bouquets. After music, Principal Faunthorpe read Tennyson's *May Queen*. Then he asked the girls, at Mr. Ruskin's request, to select

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the "likeablest and loveablest" girl for the Queen.

Ah, then there was a flutter. Who is the prettiest, the sweetest, the kindest, and the best scholar? Will she not feel proud of the great honor given her by one hundred and forty of her fellow-students?

Each received a voting paper. Mr. Ruskin had specified that the Queen must be from among the juniors. Many hearts beat fast as they wondered who would be chosen. Each knows her own favorite very well, but for whom will the others vote? The papers are collected. They wait anxiously for several minutes. Then, with great cheering, the name of Ellen Osborne was announced. Very lovely in her daily living must she have been to be the choice of so many girls. She is indeed pretty. She chooses three maids of honor; and they retire to robe her as Queen. She comes back draped in white — her gown caught up with knots of flowers, a crown of moss and stellaria upon her head, and carrying in her hand a sceptre tipped with cuckoo flowers — a picture to delight a Chaucer.

She was conducted in state to her throne. Then she was presented with a necklace of gold, from

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MISS ELLEN OSBORNE, THE MAY QUEEN.

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which was suspended an exquisite cross of hawthorn flowers, buds and leaves, the gift of Mr. Ruskin, specially designed by his friend Mrs. Severn. All her life she will have this precious gift to hold, and a precious day! From her dais she presented twenty-six volumes of Mr. Ruskin's works to the seniors, one volume to each. Each girl knelt to receive her gift, kissing the hand of the May Queen. There was for herself a copy of *Sesame and Lilies*, the most charming one of Mr. Ruskin's books. While the girls sing early English songs, let me turn the pages of the books. They are specially full of the wisdom of right living for girls, and those who have the care of girls — books to snatch a crumb of courage from in times of haste and need — books to light little lamps from: "Life being very short, and the quiet hours of it few, we ought to waste none of this in reading valueless books. Do you know if you read this, that you cannot read that? You might read all the books in the British Museum (if you could live long enough) and remain an utterly illiterate, uneducated person; but if you read ten pages of a good book,

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letter by letter, that is to say, with real accuracy — you are forevermore an educated person.

"Let a girl's education be as serious as a boy's. You bring up your girls as if they were meant for sideboard ornaments, and then complain of their frivolity. Give them the same advantage that you give their brothers."

Of the influence of young women on young men, he says — and girls often forget how great that influence is, and therefore how noble they should be —

"Believe me, the whole course and character of your lovers' lives is in your hands; what you would have them be, they shall be if you not only desire to have them so, but deserve to have them so; for they are but mirrors in which you will see yourselves imaged. If you are frivolous, they will be also; if you have no understanding of the scope of your duty, they also will forget it. Bid them be brave, and they will be brave for you; bid them be cowards, and how noble soever they be, they will quail for you. Bid them be wise, and they will be wise for you; mock at their counsel, they will be fools for you. Such and so absolute is your rule over them.

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Woman must be enduringly, incorruptibly good; instinctively, infallibly wise."

When the songs were over many exquisite flowers were sent up to Miss Osborne. Principal Faunthorpe made a brief address concerning their benefactor; and then the Queen of the May proclaimed high holiday until evening.

Each May-day at Whitelands a queen is to be chosen and gifts given; and so on and on; and Mr. Ruskin will live in the hearts and homes of England, for these young teachers are sure to keep May-day in their future schools, and hand down the precious name. Who in America will make a May-day beautiful either at Wellesley, Smith or Vassar, by the gift of Whittier's, or Longfellow's, or Ruskin's works?

And now here let me tell you a little of this kindly John Ruskin. He was the only son of a London merchant, born in 1819. In his boyhood he was taken by his parents in leisurely carriage travel to almost all of the cathedrals, picture galleries and castles of England; and he acquired such a love for these things that he says in his book,

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Modern Painters, "In such journeys, whenever they brought me near hills, and in all mountain ground and scenery, I had a pleasure as early as I can remember, and continuing, till I was eighteen or twenty, infinitely greater than any which has been possible to me in anything."

His mother intended him to be a clergyman; but he loved nature and art too well to give himself to anything else.

"She forced me," he says, "to learn long chapters of the Bible by heart, as well as to read it every syllable through aloud, hard names and all, from Genesis to the Apocalypse, about once a year, and to that discipline, patient, accurate and resolute, I owe not only my knowledge of the book, but much of my general power of taking pains, and the best part of my taste in literature."

He grew up with the most ardent love for sunsets and flowers, such a sentiment as only belongs to exceptionally pure, refined natures. He graduated at Oxford when he was twenty-three, and the very next year brought out his *Modern Painters*, in which he calls Turner the most powerful painter

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whom the world has ever seen. The book made the critics nearly wild, and the people realized that a great writer had been born among them.

He now travelled extensively on the Continent, writing his *Seven Lamps of Architecture*, and *Stones of Venice;* and a few years later he was appointed art professor at both Cambridge and Oxford. He has written a great many lectures to workingmen; and to one of the large London colleges, expressly provided for workingmen, with several hundred students, he gave much time for five years. He is emphatically the friend of the poor, whose sorrows have always touched his heart, and to whom he has given generously.

He is a genial man, slight in body, with kind blue eyes and sunny face. He is shy in manner, but his friends think he is the best talker that can be found in the four corners of the earth. He is devoted to his home, and is one of the hardest of workers.

His house is at Brantwood, Coniston, in the north of England. It is on a hill that slopes down to a beautiful lake. Near by is a wood in which a clearance has been made, and seats placed on either side

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of a laughing, leaping stream. The views are among the most beautiful in England. His kitchen-garden is brightened by rows of roses, and the meadow is sown with yellow primroses and violets, and no cattle are allowed to crop the winsome things. A great orchard is pink with apple-blossoms in spring. The rowers on the lake are picturesque. Sometimes a red-coated soldier gleams by, sometimes a party of young girls. The Coniston people love "the gentleman that writes books" at Brantwood, and never forget the Christmas feasts when the great professor speaks a few kind words to every child in the room.

The house itself is a two-story, rambling structure, nestled under the hills. It was "bought without seeing," ten years ago. All the principal rooms look out upon the lake. The walls of his sleeping-room are quite covered with drawings from Turner, and the "turret-room" next to this is so designed that Mr. Ruskin may see the country all about him, and lose no effect of the splendid sunrises and sunsets on the lake. As he is always up at his work before sunrise when in health, he never misses the beauty.

The drawing-room, the place of meeting for the

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household in the evening, where chess, music and reading aloud are enjoyed — Mr. Ruskin often reading from Walter Scott's novels — has many Turners on the wall, and some pictures by Prout and William Hunt, all in water-colors. The furniture is old-fashioned, but not antique, much of it coming from his father's old home. It is not æsthetic as that word is now understood.

The dining-room walls are quite covered with oil paintings. On one side are three family portraits, those of his parents, and of himself at three years of age, a pretty child with yellow hair, dressed in a white frock like a girl, with a broad, light-blue sash, and blue shoes to match. Here are beautiful paintings by Titian, Tintoret and Sir Joshua Reynolds.

The study is a complete and artistic workshop. On either side of the fireplace, over which is a beautiful sketch of Lake Geneva, are large book-cases, one filled with books, and the other with antiquities and minerals which are in velvet-lined drawers. Many Turners are hung about the room. On a massive piece of chalcedony is Mr. Ruskin's motto:

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"To-day." He has said some true things to girls about these words:

"The happiness of your life, and its power and its part and rank in earth or in heaven, depend on the way you pass your days *now*. They are not to be sad days, but they are to be in the deepest sense solemn days. See that no day passes in which you do not make yourself a somewhat better creature."

As you may suppose, Mr. Ruskin is specially gracious and painstaking toward young people. In a beautiful letter sent to some girls who wrote to him, he gives loving and minute counsels:

"Keep absolute calm of temper under all chances, receiving everything that is provoking and disagreeable to you as coming directly from Christ's hand. And the more it is like to provoke you, thank him for it the more. For your mind is, at this time of your youth, crystallizing, and the least jar to it flaws the crystal, and that permanently . . . Dress as plainly as your parents will allow you, but in bright colors (if they become you), and in the best materials, that is to say, in those which will wear longest. Your walking-

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dress must not touch the ground at all. . . . If you can afford it, get your dresses made by a good dressmaker with utmost attainable precision and perfection; but let the dressmaker be a poor person. Learn dressmaking yourself. Also you are to dress as many other people as you can. With all your pretty dresses, and dainty looks, and kindly thoughts, and saintly aspirations, you are not one whit more thought of or loved by the great Maker and master than any poor little red, black or blue savage running wild in the pestilent woods, or naked on the hot sands of the earth. . . . Don't wear white crosses nor black dresses, nor caps with lappets. But know and feel assuredly that every day of your lives you have done all you can for the good of others. You may become a Christ's lady if you will, but you *must* will vigorously. Let a certain part of every day be set apart for making strong and pretty dresses for the poor. Even though you should be deceived, and give them to the dishonest, and hear of their being taken at once to the pawnbroker, never mind that, for the pawnbroker must sell them to some one who has need of them. . . . Girls should be

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like daisies, nice and white, with an edge of red, if you look close, making the ground bright wherever they are."

Mr. Ruskin would treat girls as the knights in olden time treated their ladies, obeying their commands, but he would have the girls so noble that they would always be worthy to guide young men. He says; "The soul's armor is never well set to the heart unless a woman's hand has bound it; and it is only when she braces it loosely that the honor of manhood fails."

What wonder that the girls at Whitelands love this knightly, noble man, and are proud to keep May-day in his honor!

Near Sheffield, Mr. Ruskin has organized a society called St. George's Guild, to which he has given a large portion of his property. Several acres of ground have been purchased, the tenants to pay a tithe of their annual produce as rent, and a fine museum has been built for them. Mr. Ruskin has brought here some exquisite minerals, amethysts, beryl, ruby, and the like. Two little slabs are from St. Mark's in Venice. Many of his own drawings

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are here. One book on insects, which caused the writer, E. Donovan, twenty-five years of labor, was purchased by Mr. Ruskin for $500, so deeply interested is he in the betterment and deeper education of working-people. Mr. Ruskin's own books are here, beautifully bound in blue. The titles are sometimes singular. Here is one called the *Construction of Sheepfolds*. A gentleman farmer thinking it referred to the raising of lambs, took it down to the country for summer reading, when lo! he found that it was an essay on the Church.

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LAST TALE OF CHARLES PERRAULT.

IT was a happy day for all lovers of good fairy stories, when in the early part of the seventeenth century, France gave to the world Charles Perrault. In his early days he held a situation under government, but while still in his prime, he retired to private life and devoted himself to the education of his children. To this fortunate change we owe such stories as *Puss in Boots*, *Little Red Riding Hood*, *Cinderella*, *Blue Beard*, and many others which were then composed. He himself had no idea that these tales would be so valued by the world, that they would be preserved as treasures, and handed down, ever fresh and new, from one generation to another.

He usually wrote in the morning the story intended for that evening's amusement and gather-

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ing around him his little group of children, delighted himself with their enjoyment of his work. When surrounded, in later years, by his grandchildren, he found them equally pleased with the old stories; they would beg him to repeat them again and again. One evening, after having told them

CHARLES PERRAULT.

seven times the clever tricks of Puss in Boots, his little pet Mary, his favorite grandchild, climbed upon his knee and said coaxingly:

"Now, you dear good grandpa, why can't you write us children a beautiful *new* story, just as you used to write for my uncles and aunts long ago?"

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"Yes," cried all the children together, "a new story, all our own — do, please."

Grandfather Perrault smiled, but rather sadly.

"Ah, my dears," he said, "I am not what I was in those old days when bright fancies would come readily to me. I am an old man, and I fear my poor bald head would not let me make such a good story as you are hoping for. But come, I will tell you a story (new to you), which I heard many times, when I was a child myself, from my mother's lips — so many times that I can repeat it word for word, I do believe." And he began his story, as follows:

"My mother, your great-grandmother, Madeline Geoffrey, was the daughter of a linen-draper, living close to the Cemetery of the Innocents. One evening — having gone alone to the Church of St. Eustace, as she was hastening home to her sick mother, she heard a great noise at the head of the street, and looking up she saw an immense mob, shouting and hooting. In great alarm, she hurried home and having opened the door with her key, she was about to close it, thankful to be in

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her safe retreat, when she saw a woman, wrapped in a black mantle, holding two children by the hands. This woman rushed past Madeline into the shop. 'In the name of all you hold most dear,' cried she, 'save me! Hide me and my children! I seem helpless — but it is in my power to prove my gratitude hereafter.'

"'I want no reward for helping the distressed,' said Madeline. 'We will give you what poor protection we can against this brutal mob, but what will it avail?'

"The stranger cast a tearful glance around, when suddenly, uttering a cry of joy, she fixed her eye on the part of the floor, almost concealed by the counter, and rushing to the spot, she exclaimed, 'I have it! I have it!' As she spoke, she lifted a trap door, concealed in the floor, opening on a stone-staircase, which led to a subterranean passage; and then, snatching up her children in her arms, she darted down the gulf, leaving my mother stupefied by astonishment. But the cries of the mob, which had by this time reached the shop, and was clamorously demand-

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ing admittance, roused her. Quickly closing the trap-door, she called her father.

"After a short parley, he opened the door, which they were beginning to force. They were a set of miserable, tattered wretches, about three hundred in number. They poured into the house and searched every corner of it. Then they turned with fury upon Madeline. 'Deliver up that woman you have here!' they cried. 'She is an enemy of France — she takes the part of the hated Austrian and is the cause of our misery and famine! We *will* have her and her children!'

"'We know not who you mean,' replied my grandfather, who, in truth was ignorant of what had occurred. 'No one has entered the house.'

"'Obstinate wretch!' up spoke one of the mob, 'we will make *you* speak!' and he pointed a pistol at my mother's breast.

"At this moment Madeline heard a slight rustle below the trap-door, and fearing it would betray the stranger's hiding-place, she endeavored to drown the sound by stamping with her foot, while

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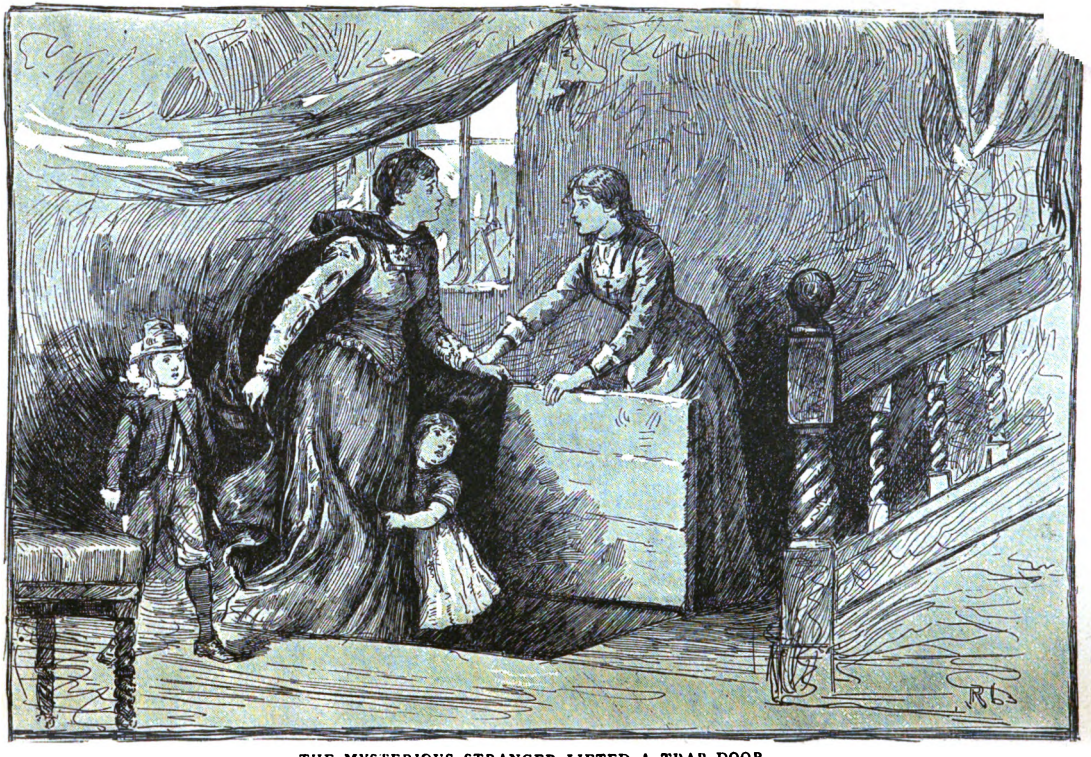

THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER LIFTED A TRAP DOOR.

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she boldly made reply: 'I have no one to give up to you.'

"'Well, then, you shall see how it fares with those who dare resist us!' roared one of the mob, and he seized Madeline by the hair. 'Speak!' he said, 'or I will drag you through the streets to the gibbet!'

"My mother uttered not a word, but silently commended herself to God. What would have been the issue, Heaven only knows, but the citizens in that quarter had by this time assembled — having hastily armed themselves, and they dispersed the mob. Madeline's first care was to comfort her poor mother, now almost fainting. Then she rejoined her father and, after helping him to barricade the door, she began to prepare supper, as usual. While thus busy she debated with herself whether to tell her father her secret; and after fervent prayer to God to enable her to decide what was best, she concluded that she ought not to do so — since it might expose him to more danger than if he remained in ignorance.

"That night when her father and mother were

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asleep, and all was quiet, she took off her shoes. Then, stealing down-stairs, she cautiously lifted the trap door and entered the vault with provisions for those who were already indebted to her for life and safety.

"'You are a noble girl,' said the stranger. 'What do I not owe to your heroism and presence of mind? God will reward you in heaven, and I trust he will permit me to befriend you here below.'

"Madeline gazed with intense interest upon the stranger. She saw in the dim light a graceful woman, whose sweetness won her heart, while her majestic appearance inspired deep respect. A long black mantle almost concealed her figure, and a veil was thrown over her head. The children lay at her feet in a quiet sleep.

"'Thanks, dear girl, for this food!' she said to Madeline. 'As for me, I cannot eat; but my children have eaten nothing since morning. I will ask you to leave your light — and now go to your rest after all this terrible excitement.'

"Madeline looked at her in surprise. 'I should

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have thought, madam,' she said, 'that you would strive to reach a better asylum than this poor place.'

"'Be not uneasy, my good girl,' replied the lady. 'When the time is come, it will be as easy for me to leave this spot as it was to reveal to you its existence. Good-night, my child; perhaps we may not meet again for some time but remember I solemnly promise you that I will grant any three wishes which you may form.'

"Madeline withdrew as the lady motioned her to retire, with that indefinable air of majesty which seemed to leave no choice but to obey.

"Notwithstanding her fatigue, she hardly slept that night. Who could this lady be? How could she have known of this place of concealment, which was unknown to the inhabitants of the house? As vainly did Madeline try to explain her entire composure, the certainty with which she spoke of being able to leave the vault when she pleased, and the mysterious promise she made of granting any three wishes her young deliverer might form.

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"The whole of the next day Madeline could think of nothing but her secret. Full of anxious thought, she longed for the coming of night and quiet. As soon as all were asleep, she again, with even more caution, sought the vault. Behold, it was empty! Not an opening anywhere could she discover. She stamped on the ground, but it gave forth no hollow sound. Suddenly she thought she perceived some writing on a flagstone. She bent down and saw traced, as with a dagger's point, these words: '*Remember, Madeline, that she who owes to thee the life of her children, promises to grant thee three wishes.*'

"Years passed away. My mother, in her quiet life, seems to have formed no special wishes. The thought of the mysterious lady almost faded from her mind. She became a wife and mother, and the occurrences of that long past night seemed to her like some strange dream, in the midst of the realities by which she was surrounded. She was devoted to the happiness of her husband and children. We were a happy, prosperous family, till it pleased God to lay a heavy trial upon us.

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My father fell ill and before he had fairly recovered, our home was destroyed by fire, and we barely escaped with our lives. From this time we grew poorer and poorer. My father did not regain his health, and was obliged to give up his situation in the civic corps — a valuable place.

"Now he became seriously ill. My mother struggled hard to maintain her sick husband and four children, but it proved a task beyond her strength. One night came when we had literally nothing to eat. Never shall I forget my mother's face and her tears when one of us cried, 'Mother, we are so very hungry.'

"She now resolved to apply for aid to the Nuns of Chaillot, and with sinking heart and burning cheeks she presented herself at the convent, making known her desire to speak to the Superior. She was well-known there, and received warm sympathy and some relief. She was returning through the cloisters when she was suddenly transfixed. A voice exclaimed in her ear, 'Art not thou Madeline Perrault?'

"Turning, she beheld the mysterious being

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whom her husband was wont to call her 'Fairy.' Years had elapsed, but she recognized her. Yes, there stood the well-remembered stately form. 'I made thee a promise,' said the Unknown, 'and thou hast not invoked my aid, yet fear not — thy three wishes shall still be granted.'

"'My husband, oh — if he were but once more well!' murmured my mother, still awe-stricken at the sudden apparition.

"'Nay, that is not within my province to bestow; God alone holds in his hands the issues of life and death. Say what else lies near thy heart.'

"'Bread for my husband and children. Save them and me from beggary and want.'

"'This is but one wish. I grant two more.'

"'I ask not, wish not for more.'

"'Be it so then. Hold thyself in readiness in twelve hours' time to obey my orders.' Suddenly as she came, the lady vanished from sight.

"Early the next day a carriage stopped at my father's door, and a footman announced that he had been sent for my mother and her family. Somewhat alarmed, but yet with eager anticipa-

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tion, we all got into the carriage and were driven rapidly in the direction of Paris; for we were then living in Chaillot. The carriage drew up before a house in the Rue St. Jacques, and my father saw that it had been built on the site of the old home lost by the fire. But behold, who should meet his astonished gaze but a party of his old friends of civic authority! They offered him a hearty welcome to their corps, informing him that he had been reinstated in the situation which he had been compelled to leave by illness.

"My father stood as in a dream. My mother shed tears of joy and gratitude. A letter was now handed her and, breaking the seal, she read these words: '*Madeline, hast thou still a wish? Speak, and it shall be gratified.*"

"'But one wish,' said my mother, 'is now mine—to throw myself at the feet of our benefactress.'

"The door opened and the unknown lady stood before us. 'Madeline,' said she, 'but for you that ferocious mob would have murdered me and my children. I know I have seemed strangely forgetful of you, but it was not so; I

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have been, like yourself, sorely tried. I have heard my children cry for bread, when I had none to give them. My husband had been traitorously murdered — I myself proscribed. When you rescued me they were hunting me like a wild beast because I refused to take part against the son of my brother. But brighter days have dawned. My son is restored to the throne of his father, and Henrietta of England can now pay the debt of gratitude she owes to Madeline Perrault.'

"'But how can poor Madeline requite her goodness?' exclaimed my mother.

"'By sometimes cheering me in my retreat at Chaillot with the sight of her happiness. Your children's innocent merriment may perchance beguile some of the lonely hours of my widowed life. Madeline, I was led to take refuge in your house providentially, for at once I recognized it as the abode of an astrologer, known to my mother, and I remembered that his laboratory was the vault, the entrance to which was as well known to me as the passage by which I left it, which leads to the Cemetery of the Innocents. Last night I

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heard all you said to the Superior and was about to inquire of yourself, when seeing the profound impression produced by my sudden appearance, I was induced to play the fairy. The instant you left me, I put in requisition the only fairy wand I possess; money soon placed at my disposal the house which I have the happiness of again making your own. You now know my secret, but though no fairy I have still some influence and you shall ever have in me a firm friend and protector.'

"And from that time the queen never lost an opportunity of serving my mother and her family and it is to her that I owe the favor and patronage of the Minister Colbert.

"And now children," said the grandfather, "how do you like my last Fairy Tale?"

NOTE.—The Henrietta of England referred to in the story was Henrietta Marie the unfortunate widow of Charles I. of England and a daughter of Henry IV. of France. Her brother's son, Louis XIV., then a child, was represented by his mother, Anne of Austria, then Regent of France. By the bad management under her government, the people had fallen into extreme poverty and their anger culminated in a fierce outbreak called the war of the Fronde, in the year 1648. Queen Henrietta fell under suspicion, as a friend of the "Austrian," and the people believed her to be their enemy, although she seems to have striven (at least at this juncture) to promote the best good of the people, among whom she had taken refuge.

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NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET. By Samuel Woodworth. Quarto Holiday edition. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price $1.50. Of all the illustrated quarto presentation books yet issued, this is by all odds the most artistic and tasteful. The art of the designer, engraver and printer has in turn been exhausted to bring it as near perfection as possible. The drawings are from the skilful pencil of Miss Humphrey, and represent her best work. The engraving is by W. N. Closson, whose reputation in that line is equal to that of any other man in the country, and the printing is from new type on heavy paper with broad margins and gilt edges. In general style and binding the volume is uniform with *The Ninety and Nine*, *Drifting*, etc.

THE STORY OF FOUR ACORNS. By Alice B. Engle. Ill. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price $1.00. Children who like fairy stories will find in this handsome volume a fountain of delight. The author possesses rare talent for interesting the young, and has here turned it to the best advantage. She has furnished a fascinating story, and has ingeniously woven into it bits of poetry and song from famous authors which will find easy entrance into the mind and create an appetite for more. The illustrations are among Miss Lathbury's best, and do their part toward making the volume attractive.

A capital idea is represented in the new book, *Historic Pictures*, suggested by the success of last season's volume, *Write Your Own Stories*. It consists of a collection of pictures illustrating places and events of historic interest, thirty in number, with three blank pages after each picture, which are to be utilized by the boys and girls in writing an account of the incidents which have made the various places famous. The publishers offer a series of cash prizes for competitors, the lists to remain open until July 1, 1882. The one who sends the best series of stories or historical descriptions of the pictures, will receive $25.00; the author of the second best, $15.00, and the third in point of excellence, $10.00.

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NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A FORTUNATE FAILURE. By Caroline B. LeRow. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price $1.25. The author of this charming book is widely known as a successful writer of magazine stories, and any thing from her pen is sure of a multitude of readers. Her style is clear and flowing, and she is peculiarly happy in the invention of incidents. In the present volume her powers are shown at their best. The principal character of the story is Emily Sheridan, the bright, ambitious daughter of a New Hampshire farmer, whose pride and comfort she is. Taken from her quiet surroundings by a rich aunt and placed at a distant boarding-school, she meets new friends, and new paths are opened to her in life. It is the author's plan to trace her development under the changed and varying influences which surround her, and to show how she is affected in heart and mind by them. Nothing can change the natural sweetness of her character, however, her experiences serving only to ripen and bring out the finer and higher qualities of her nature. In one of her companions, Laura Fletcher, the author draws the type of a certain class of girls to be found everywhere — bright, warm-hearted, full of life, and tinctured with tomboyism and a love of slang. Maxwell King is another well-delineated character bearing an important part in the story. We do not propose to sketch the plot in detail; that would spoil it for most readers, and we do not wish to deprive them of the pleasure they will find in reading the story for themselves.

MARY BURTON ABROAD. By Pansy. Ill. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price 75 cents. This pleasant book is made up of a series of letters supposed to have been written from some of the great cities of Europe, principally Edinburgh and London. They contain information about objects of interest in these places, descriptive and historical, and are written in that gossipy, unconventional style which is pleasing to children.

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The book is thoroughly good; none better could be placed in the hands of young persons. By the light of these they can see the reflection of the character of the grand men who have been called to rule over the Nation during its existence. No other nation ever had such a succession of rulers, where so few have proved failures.—*Inter Ocean, Chicago.*

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NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE TENT IN THE NOTCH. By Edward A. Rand. A Sequel to "Bark Cabin on Kearsarge." Ill. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price $1.00. The boys and girls who last year read Mr. Rand's charming book, *Bark Cabin on Kearsarge*, will hail this present volume with genuine delight. It is a continuation of that story, with the same characters, and relates the adventures of the Merry family during the vacation season, the camping-out place being changed from Kearsarge to the Notch, and the bark cabin giving place to a large tent for a summer residence. The location selected for the camp is a short distance down the Notch road, within easy walk of the Crawford House where the ladies of the family have a room, although their days are spent at the tent. From this point excursions are made in all directions, every known point of attraction being visited and others eagerly searched for. One day they make the ascent of Mt. Washington, the ladies going up by rail and the boys taking the Crawford bridlepath. Another they climb Mt. Willard to enjoy the magnificent panorama spread out below, and one day the boys take part in an exciting but unsuccessful bear hunt. The author has interwoven with his story many of the local traditions of the mountains, and his descriptions of the natural scenery of the region are so vivid and accurate that one who has gone over the same ground almost feels as if the book were a narrative of real occurrences. Like the first voluem of the series, *The Tent in the Notch* is capital reading, even for old folks. To the boys and girls who expect to make the mountains a visit this summer, it is, aside from its interest as a story, as good as a guide book, and what they will learn from its pages will add greatly to their enjoyment.

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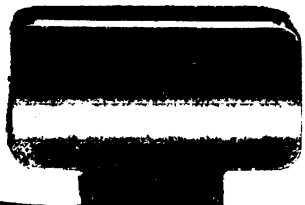

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